

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1981 • \$2.50

VIKKI LAMOTTA
RAGING BULL'S
WOMAN IS 51
AND A KNOCKOUT

ORIANA FALLACI
WE TURN THE TABLES
ON THE GREAT
INTERROGATOR

DAVID HALBERSTAM
WILL BIG BUCKS
BREAK THE N.B.A.?

SEX
IN
CINEMA



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it



Above: As usual, the Playboy Rabbit Head logo is all ears during one of the festival's great moments, the teaming of George Shearing and Mel Tormé. At the end of Shearing's set, Tormé, right, wanders onto the stage to join Shearing, seated at piano, for a few sizzling numbers. Bassist Brian Torff stands at left.

JAZZ BOWL III

"It's time we all faced up to it: Playboy . . . does things right," wrote jazz critic David Weiss about the third annual Playboy Jazz Festival. Some 35,000 fans packed the Hollywood Bowl, setting an early sellout record. In a light moment, Ann Patterson of the all-female group *Maiden Voyage* quipped, "Never before has Playboy brought you so many women with so much clothing on."



Above, Hugh Hefner completes a rather unlikely jazz trio backstage. On Hef's left are saxman Richie Cole and festival emcee Flip Wilson. (Well, you didn't think it was Lambert, Hendricks and Ross, did you?) Cole's tour de force was a punchy send-up of *Stormy Weather*, rewritten as an ode to jazz critic Leonard Feather.



At right, legendary bebopper Dizzy Gillespie fills his ample cheeks to blow his trademarked, elevated-bell trumpet. Dizzy and an all-star combo of James Moody, Ray Brown and Lalo Schifrin delighted the massive audience (above). One festival fan: copacetic Cary Grant (left).





HE ONLY HAS EYES FOR MONIQUE . . . AND BETTE DAVIS

Above, 1979 Playmate of the Year Monique St. Pierre beams at her husband, veteran recording engineer Val Garay, whose skillfully produced Kim Carnes *Mistaken Identity* album, including the superhit *Bette Davis Eyes*, topped the charts earlier this year. Garay has since produced The Motels' new album.

GEORGE, MIKI AND THE COEDS: TAN FOUR

Suntan sultan George Hamilton and January 1973 Playmate Miki Garcia (in shawl), now Director of Playmate Promotions, judge the tans of coeds Andrea Rolston (left) and Lori Lawlor at Theta Xi Fraternity's Suntan Classic Competition at UCLA.



KYM HERRIN COVERS THE WATERFRONT, SO TO SPEAK

Kimberly Herrin, this year's Miss March (below), showed up on the August cover of *Surfing*, which also carried an article about the surfing Playmate in its September issue.



WHAT WE LIKE MOST ABOUT CLEVELAND: EVERYTHING

In the movie *Blow Out*, April 1979 Playmate Missy Cleveland showed up in a shower scene. Here she shakes it up in a shot from her latest film role in the United Artists killer thriller *True Confessions*.

LOOKS LIKE GEORGE GOT HIS CHRISTMAS WISH

George Burns must have heard that people judge a man by the company he keeps. Here he's surrounded by singers from The Playmates on *George Burns' Early, Early, Early Christmas Special*, coming November 16 on NBC. The Playmates are, from left, Heidi Sorenson, Kelly Tough, Michele Drake and Sondra Theodore.












HE WANTS YOU TO HAVE HIS BABY

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PICTURE 

"If your family likes to show off as much as mine, put them on TV. It's easy with my Panasonic portable Omnivision video system."

Roger Feder



My teammates are my family. And even if they are a money crew, I want more than just a few snapshots to remember them by. That's why I have the new Panasonic portable Omnivision® VHS™ video recorder (PV-4500) and video camera (PK-751). They

make it easy to bring the guys' goofy faces, clowning, and fun back to life, right on my TV.

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My Omnivision also goes to work as a

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It can record up to

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it records shows I'd

normally miss. Because

this Omnivision can be

programmed to auto-

matically record up to

8 different shows over

14 days.

My Panasonic

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brings all the fun of

outdoors, indoors.

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just slightly ahead of our time.



when she was only 15, she had the look that drove boxer jake la motta into fits of jealousy. now, at 51, vikki la motta is proving that very little has changed



RAGING BEAUTY

pictorial essay
By JEAN VALLELY

THE HAUNTING question that lingers at the end of Martin Scorsese's evocative and brutal film *Raging Bull* is what became of Vikki, the young wife of fighter Jake La Motta, whose astounding beauty became the obsession of his life and drove *The Champ* into terrifying rages of jealousy and violence.

Not to worry, Vikki La Motta, it turns out, has been doing just fine. Just fine, indeed.

Her (text continued on page 119)

Vikki was just 15 when she caught Jake La Motta's eye in New York (above). "He was so cute," she recalls. "He made me feel so safe." Right, photographic evidence that Vikki at 51 (far right) looks better than ever.





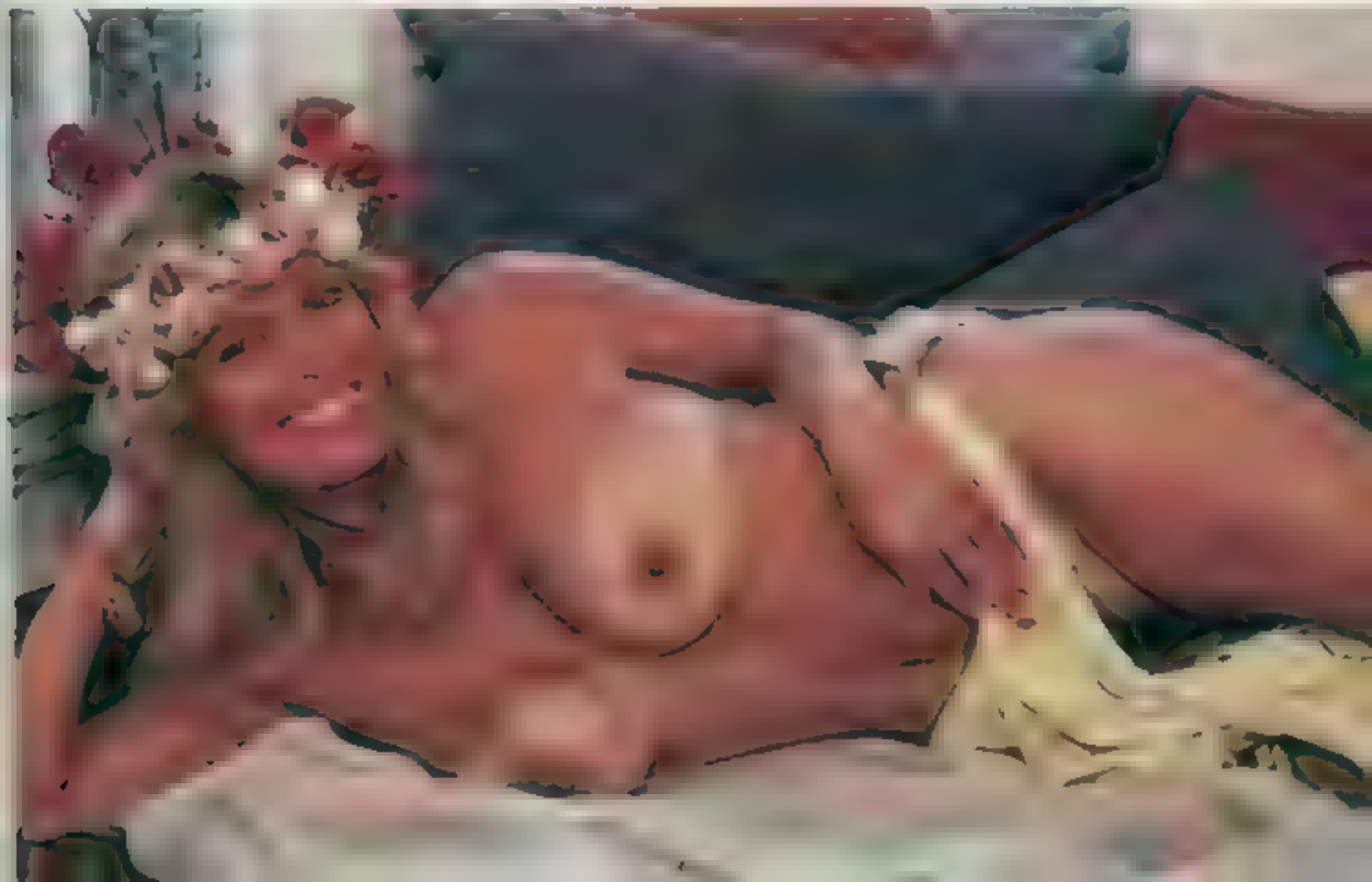
In 1950, not long after he had won the middleweight title, Jake entered his wife in the Mrs. America Contest (above)—but when the judges refused to allow The Champ backstage, he wouldn't let Vikki participate in the pageant.



Although Jake's jealousy kept Vikki from having very much of a social life, she was a familiar feature at ringside (left). When she got to see her life re-enacted 35 years later in *Raging Bull*, which starred Cathy Moriarty and Robert De Niro (above), she went prepared, taking along six large men's handkerchiefs, and she insisted Jake and her children sit with her. "I knew it was going to be honest," she says.

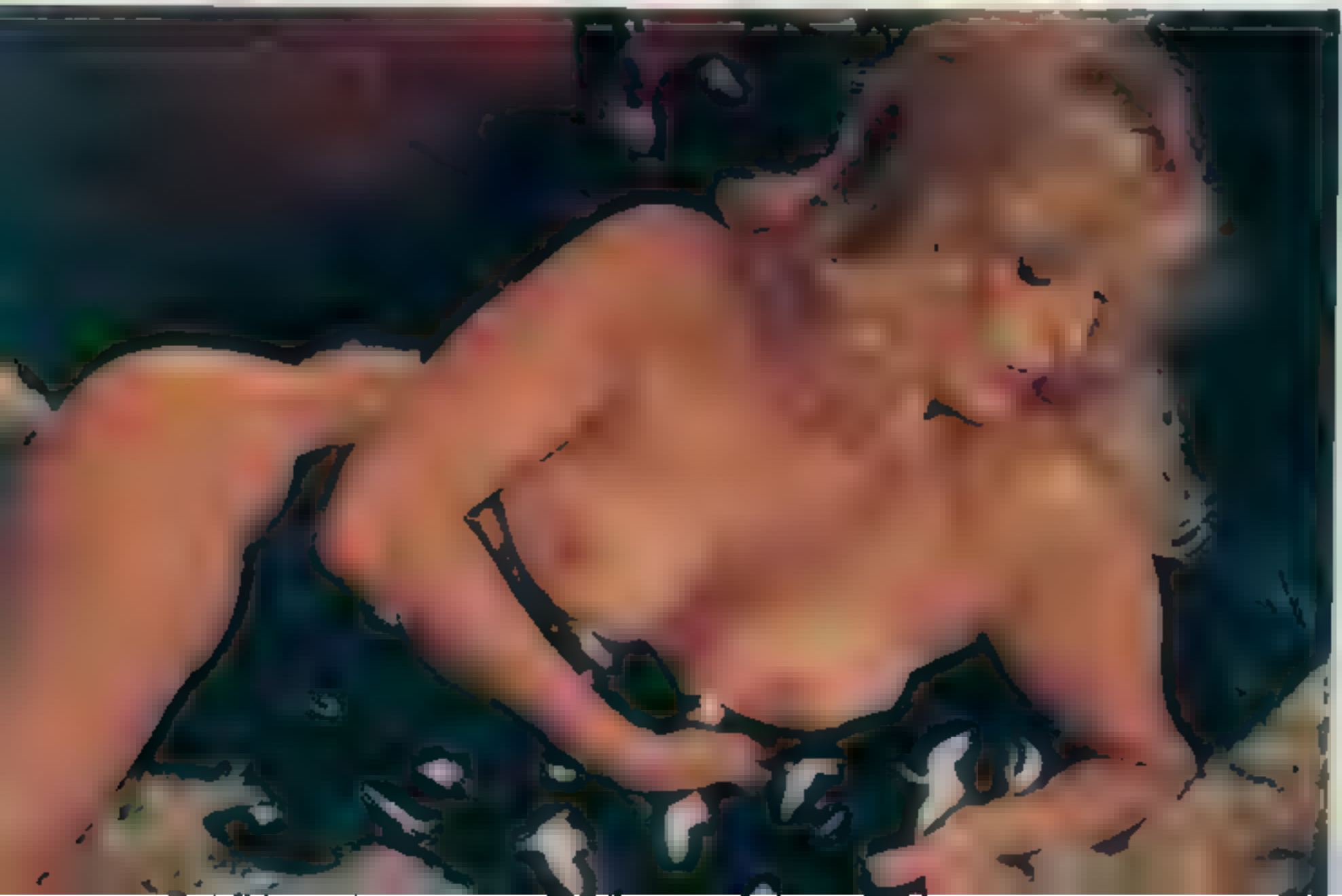


"Sex is everything," says Vikki. And I'm always ready. I make sure that the house is in order and that things are taken care of so when meet someone I want to be with, I'm ready. When I'm with a man, I am really with him + love man. Every single thing + do is sexual.





"Posing for **PLAYBOY** was Jake's idea and my children thought it was great too." Vick declares. "I have a beautiful body. I have never been inhibited sexually. I have always been passionate and, for the first time in my life, I'm totally free. It's my destiny."



head flung back and her dreamy brown eyes hidden behind oversized sunglasses, Vikki La Motta brings her red Datsun to a halt in front of Miami Beach's Doral Hotel, throws the gearshift into neutral, opens the door and flashes a big welcome smile.

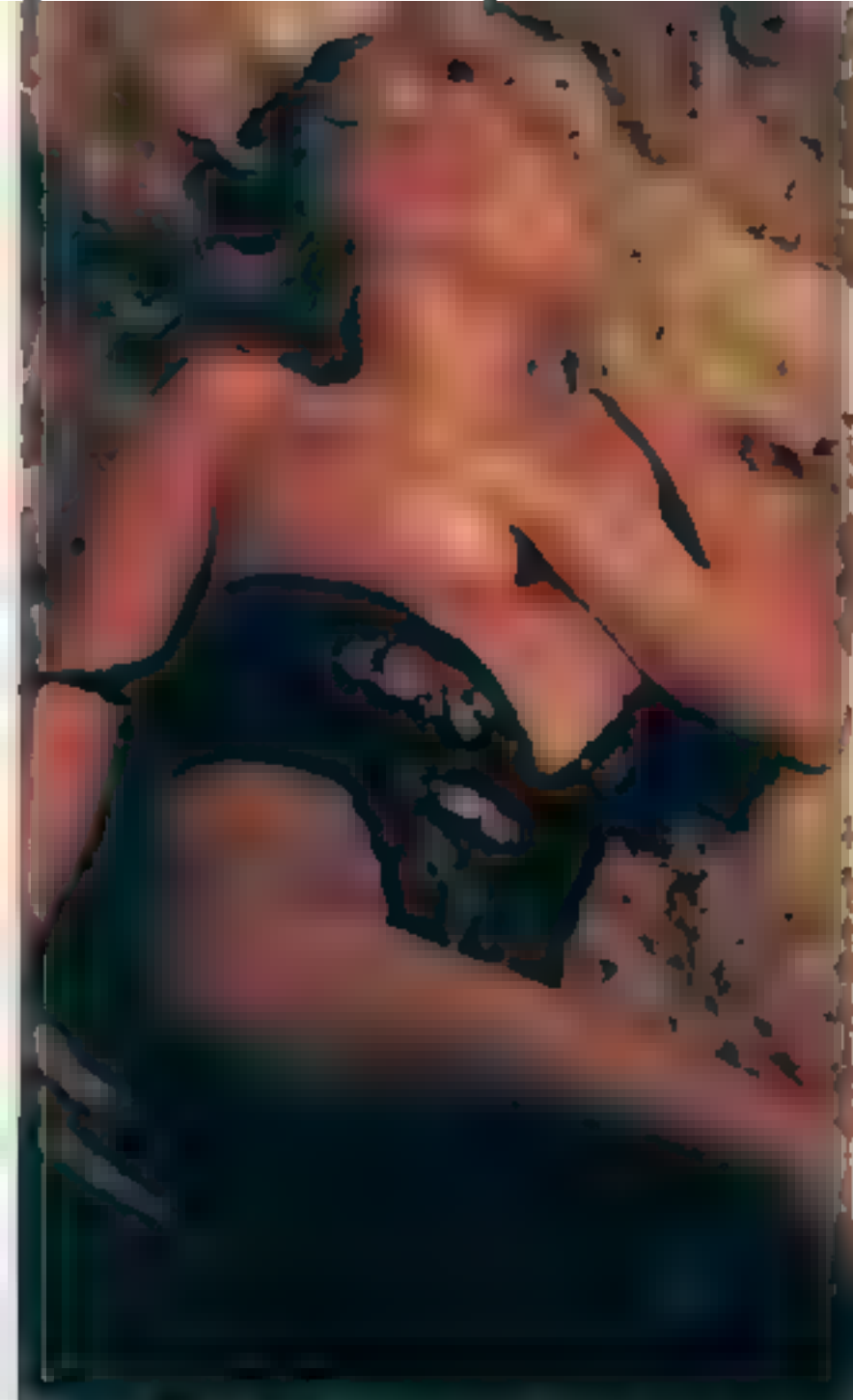
"I think I'm in love," whispers the man who parks the car. His expression suggests he is certainly in heat.

One glance at the real Vikki La Motta and you know that Scorsese got it right. Clearly, this is a woman capable of driving men mad. She has one of the ten great bodies in the world—a real woman's body, firm



Vikki and Jake grin with Jimmy Durante, one of Jake's sons, at the Latin Quarter in Miami Beach (top). Above, the La Mottas on one of the calm days with their children (from left), Joe, Christi and Jack. "The ultimate thing in life is to be in love with your man," Vikki maintains even today. "If that ever happened to me, then I would gladly stay married forever."





and curvaceous. Her perfect face is etched with a classic spectral golden line. Her skin is extremely caramel in color. Vicki LaVette is composed of a few women John Derek has married.

And she is 51 years old. One can guess what she must have looked like at 19 when Jake lost his eyes, her at a swimming pool in the Bronx, a skinny beauty looking about in her white twopiece, bursting out. It's not wonder the poor man lost interest.

I jump out, "How," as Vicki winks and waves at the parking attendant who waves. We are parked at the Plaza, explains Vicki, an old vic, many, but not a good. So, in the Bronx, I have been married, but not been a wife since she came there. It's been a while since I've been. My mother lives in the Bronx.

I live with the tips, New York, I live with the script. *It's a long time*. I've been the actress, the film, and I follow it to a state. I'm not a girl, she looks like Jake. It was not at the beginning, I've been Vicki. After all these years, traces of her Bronx are still

Jake has a passion for controlling me," explains Vicki. "He has always distrusted people and he doesn't like life. He's still that way. And I thought that if I gave in to that then he would make me feel the way he felt about life and about people. So I decided my values were too important to give in to his whims. I am still excited about my life. I just love the kind of life Jake hates."





man get to speak the way in a certain words. "Jake saw this as his opportunity to romance me. But as we toured, he became the old Jake, expecting me to be the subservient Vikki. He got jealous. He started telling me what to wear and when to sleep. He told reporters not to ask me questions. He yelled, 'I'm The Champ, ask me.' We went to do a TV show and Jake wouldn't let me appear. By the end of the tour, we weren't speaking to each other."

Next came the Academy Awards and a trip to Hollywood and another promotional trip, this time to Europe with Cathy Moriarty (who played Vikki in the film). "The only way to go," sighs Vikki as she maneuvers her car through traffic. "I had two limousines, one for me and one for my luggage. I mean, how much luggage can I take?"

And, of course, there was another trip to Hollywood and a stay at Playboy Mansion West. "It was like a dream," she says. "And you know what happened? I was up in my room one evening and I got a message that Dan Pastorelli (of the Oakland Raiders) was downstairs." Vikki rolls her eyes. "What a hunk! But I was exhausted and didn't go downstairs. He came back the next night and we were introduced and flirted a little. The next afternoon, he was waiting for me at the pool. Before I knew it, he picked me up and carried me into the water. I had on my high heels and jump suit and he kept rolling me around and around in circles, telling me how much he loved me. He wouldn't let me out of the pool. And pretty soon," says Vikki, her eyes dancing, "off came the shoes and off came my jump suit."

"There's The Forge," she says suddenly, and, with moves that would put Mario Andretti to shame, she slams on the brakes, makes a U-turn and screeches to a halt in front of the restaurant. And, like the man who parks the cars at the Doral, the man who parks the cars at The Forge cannot keep his eyes off her. "I have to put on my shoes," she giggles as she playfully wiggles her bare feet into her sandals.

"I want to be able to look at you all night," murmurs the maitre de to Vikki as he leads us to a table smack-dab in the middle of the restaurant. The maitre de isn't the only one who wants to gaze at her. So does every man in the restaurant. And, dressed in a tight cranberry V-neck top and tight white jeans, Vikki is something to look at.

"I have always been the center of attention," she laughs as two waiters fight to unfold her napkin. "You get a reputa-

tion just by being good-looking. Men started giving me all this attention when I was 13. I didn't do anything and I was a celebrity in my neighborhood." Vikki takes a sip of her white wine. "When I met Jake, I was starting to become afraid of some of these men. This was the Bronx and these guys were tough. Jake was not aggressive like the other guys and he was protective. I wasn't afraid of Jake."

The fear would come later.

"Jake lived for me," continues Vikki. "He was jealous of anyone and anything that took my attention away from him and his needs. He didn't allow me to have girlfriends. He bought all my clothes. He stocked the basement of our home with cases of tomatoes and toilet paper. Cheeses and salamis hung everywhere and there was a big freezer stocked with meat. If I needed anything, I went downstairs."

"And I must tell you," she adds, "in the beginning, I didn't care. I was in love, and so what if he went shopping? And who wanted to be with the girls anyway? I was busy raising my children. Jake treated me like a china doll."

Vikki's domestic world began to come apart when Jake's career began to slip. He had trouble training, trouble making his weight. Then he began to drink. And the booze made him nasty and contentious. At that point, Vikki the china doll began to rebel. It wasn't a serious rebellion, mind you, dinners with her family, nights out with the girls. Jake took to the bottle with a passion.

In an attempt to work things out, Vikki and Jake moved to Miami, where Jake opened a liquor store and night club. But everyone wanted to buy The Champ a drink and the drinks made Jake belligerent and the belligerence drove the customers away. Then the violence started.

The first time Jake beat Vikki, she blamed the hard times and the alcohol. The second time he beat her, she decided to leave him. The violence intensified, exacerbated by the separation, and stopped only when Jake was sent to jail for five months on a morals rap.

Vikki La Motta was 26 and broke. She had three small children and no idea of how to deal with the real world. She sold her jewels, her furs, her clothes. She packed up her kids, moved them back to New York and into an apartment in the Bronx, dyed her hair black, started using her maiden name and got by doing odd television gigs: a billboard girl on *The Steve Allen Show*, spots on *The Gerry Moore Show*, but parts on *The Phil Silvers Show*. Vikki was making money, but those day jobs left her no

time for her children and once again she packed them up, moved back to Miami and took a night job as a showgirl at a club 15 minutes from home. But despite her black hair and new name, people still recognized her. "I was embarrassed for Jake," recalls Vikki. "And for me. Here I was, 28, a mother, and I thought, Look at me up there."

Eight waiters hover over Vikki, each hoping to be the one to clear away the red wrapper, refill her wineglass, bring more rolls. A man pauses the table, notices Vikki and actually stops and stares at her. "What are two beautiful women like you doing alone?" he asks.

"What makes you think we're alone?" she leaves. The man waits.

Vikki La Motta is at ease with men the way the Rockettellers are at ease with money. "The first man to ask me out after Jake and I separated was Johnny Carson. I couldn't believe it. He was so nice. He sent me flowers and we went to hear jazz."

Only one man has ever intimidated Vikki, and that was Robert De Niro, who won an Oscar for his portrayal of her husband in *Raging Bull*.

Vikki cringes when she thinks back to her first meeting with De Niro. She was furious at how she had been characterized in the book *Raging Bull* (upon which the movie was based), and when De Niro and screenwriter Martin Scorsese arrived in Miami, Vikki was sure they hated her. "I was standing outside the terminal and all of a sudden they were there—staring at me. I didn't know what to do. I went like this [she covers her face with her hands]. I wanted to disappear. When I took my hands down, they had turned away. I was sure they thought I was pretending to be shy."

During the drive to her home in North Miami Beach, Vikki regained her composure. But not for long. The men sat at her dining table and grilled her. They were very personal questions, questions she had buried long ago. "They asked me things like, 'Did you fool around?'" Vikki shakes her head. "I mean, why didn't they just sit around and insult me? It was awful, but I kept my cool." She screened home movies—of her courtship with Jake, of their marriage, of the birth of their children. "The movies were self-explanatory," says Vikki. "They showed love."

Vikki takes a long sip of her wine. "De Niro wanted to sleep at my house. I didn't know what to do. Should I let him sleep in my bed? I was so shocked I just threw a sheet and a pillow on the couch in the spare room." She takes a

(concluded on page 268)

"But it's more than her fabulous body and gorgeous face. Vikki La Motta loves men and it shows."

deep breath. "I couldn't sleep and I went into the room and sat on the floor by the couch. He was snoring just a little bit. I kept thinking, This is Robert De Niro on my couch, the face from *Mean Streets* and *The Godfather Part II*. Then I got up and moved closer and watched him sleep.

De Niro returned to New York but would call Vikki often with questions. Is that how Jake talked? Is this how she behaved? Did she remember any jokes Jake had told her? And then

Vikki was summoned to New York. De Niro and Scorsese sat in her hotel suite and, with De Niro playing Jake and Scorsese playing all the other parts, they read her the script from beginning to end. "They wanted the truth," says Vikki.

Vikki was now completely absorbed in the film. She stopped going out and broke off all her romantic involvements. "I didn't want anyone to interfere," she explains. "I wanted to be prepared, in case I got a call from De Niro."

De Niro's obsession with detail, with getting it right is legendary and a part of him—and more into the role of Jake, things got very confusing for Vikki. Where did De Niro end and Jake begin? Just how far does one take this? To the logical end?

"I wanted to," she recalls. "In fact, I did. I thought, How could I not? An affair seemed the most natural thing to do. But Bob," smiles Vikki, "wanted me to be a *character*." She smiles again. "I should have just attacked him or something. But I got shy. If I were just attracted to him sexually and didn't like him, I would have known just how to make it happen. But I was intimidated and did everything wrong."

Like the night she and De Niro had dinner in New York and he returned to her hotel suite to look through some fairly boring pictures. It was very late and De Niro was due back at her hotel the next morning for a meeting

with anyone else." sighs Vikki, "I would have just said, 'Stay here . . . I have a drink.' Or I would have at least offered him a drink, a cup of coffee, some water. He's so sweet and so easy to be nice to." She grimaces.

Instead, I sent this man out into the streets. When he came back a few hours later, he brought his own container of coffee.

The number of waiters buzzing around Vikki keeps growing. But it's more than her fabulous body and gorgeous face. Vikki La Motta loves men and it shows. She knows how to make men feel good. She smiles, bats her eyes, rocks her head, winks. Vikki is an old-fashioned flirt. Pure and simple.

But even more seductive is her excitement about life. In an age of cynicism, Vikki La Motta is a romantic and just a whole lot of fun to be around. "I think of myself as a little girl," she says, "so everything and everyone is fresh and new. I have absolutely no memories of the past, nothing to inhibit. I put no importance on suffering. I don't think suffering is a necessary thing in your life and I don't believe that it leaves a permanent scar on your soul."

It's late and Vikki drinks the last of her wine. "People walk around, crying. Oh, what I've been through, what I've suffered!" Well, big deal. Years later, they're still living it. I don't mean that I didn't suffer, that I didn't feel pain. But so what? Next case.

"The key to remaining sexy," Vikki emphasizes, "is to remain passionate about life, people, everything. Age doesn't matter."



Relax, lady, I'm not just any Peeping Tom—you're on closed-circuit TV



getting a reading on your diminished expectations

NEW MAGAZINES FOR THE ECCHOTIES



BUY e come to the late Eighties. Look around you. Love, love, love it. A 7-watt bulb in the White House. Double-digit inflation becoming a tradition. Unemployment rising. Escalating national postage. Soaring gasoline prices, energy shortages, oil shortages. Johnny Carson down to 60 minutes. The Hershey bars sinking even as its price goes up. Terrorists. Nuclear waste. Pollution. *Three's Company*.

Clearly, it's all down hill from here. Hang in and get ready. You're not going to get through this without some help. But cheer up. Look how awful the last decade was. Vietnam. Watergate. Billy

Joan on **By DAVID STANDISH and JERRY SULLIVAN**

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Figure 1. A schematic diagram of the experimental setup. The subject is seated in a chair and views the screen through a video camera. The screen displays the target and the starting position of the hand. The hand is moved from the starting position to the target position. The video camera records the hand position and the target position. The video camera is connected to a computer which controls the video camera and the hand movement.





BOSS TWEED

*one smooth canadian and
her thrill of a lifetime*

WHEREVER SHE goes, Tweed gets there in a hurry. In New York, she stops and every one seems to look. On the 10th October evening, that moment comes when she passes the centre de la station in the 1000-foot high Top of Toronto restaurant. Conversations pause and waiters slow their paces, balancing their dishes more carefully, afraid that something somewhere has gone wrong. The piano music softens in the background. The candles in half full glasses.

At 5'10" and 160 lbs, the focus of attention, this conspicuous woman smiles at the upturned eyes and follows a small attentive waiter to a table at the window. She is nearly six feet tall. She is blonde. She is a young person, it is as though someone had taken the ordinary and ordinary into a striking, striking young woman.

The waiter holds her chair for her. When she is

*Our new found young lady from Newfoundland
loves farm denim as much as fashion designs*



*Becoming a Playmate and becoming a part of
the thoughts and the fantasies of literally million
of men—that's a tremendously exciting fantasy
for me. Being seen as desirable by so many is
simply so terribly flattering. For every nasty look
or insult I ever got, every rejection that hurt, this
is a compliment that goes a long way toward mak-
ing up for it. I look better to me in the mirror*



sees the two of them are eye to eye. He hurries off to bring her a vodka and pineapple juice. Gradually, conversations resume; restaurant sounds gain volume; the moment of her ~~arrival~~ ~~has~~ passed. Still, as long as she stays, there will be ~~getting~~ ~~books~~ appreciation and longing ~~from~~ tables within sight of her.

It's a lovely city, isn't it? she says. She washes a finger of agave ~~in~~ the window, touching Toronto's reflected ~~light~~ in the

glass. It's both ~~new~~ and cleaner than the American cities I grew up on a milk farm in Newfoundland. It was "very quiet," she says, beginning an unpolished thumbnail sketch of her life.

She frets with her hands for a second.

I'm really not that used to having to talk about myself. Generally, I smile for the camera and that's that.

Anyway, my daddy made the food and I fed the mix.



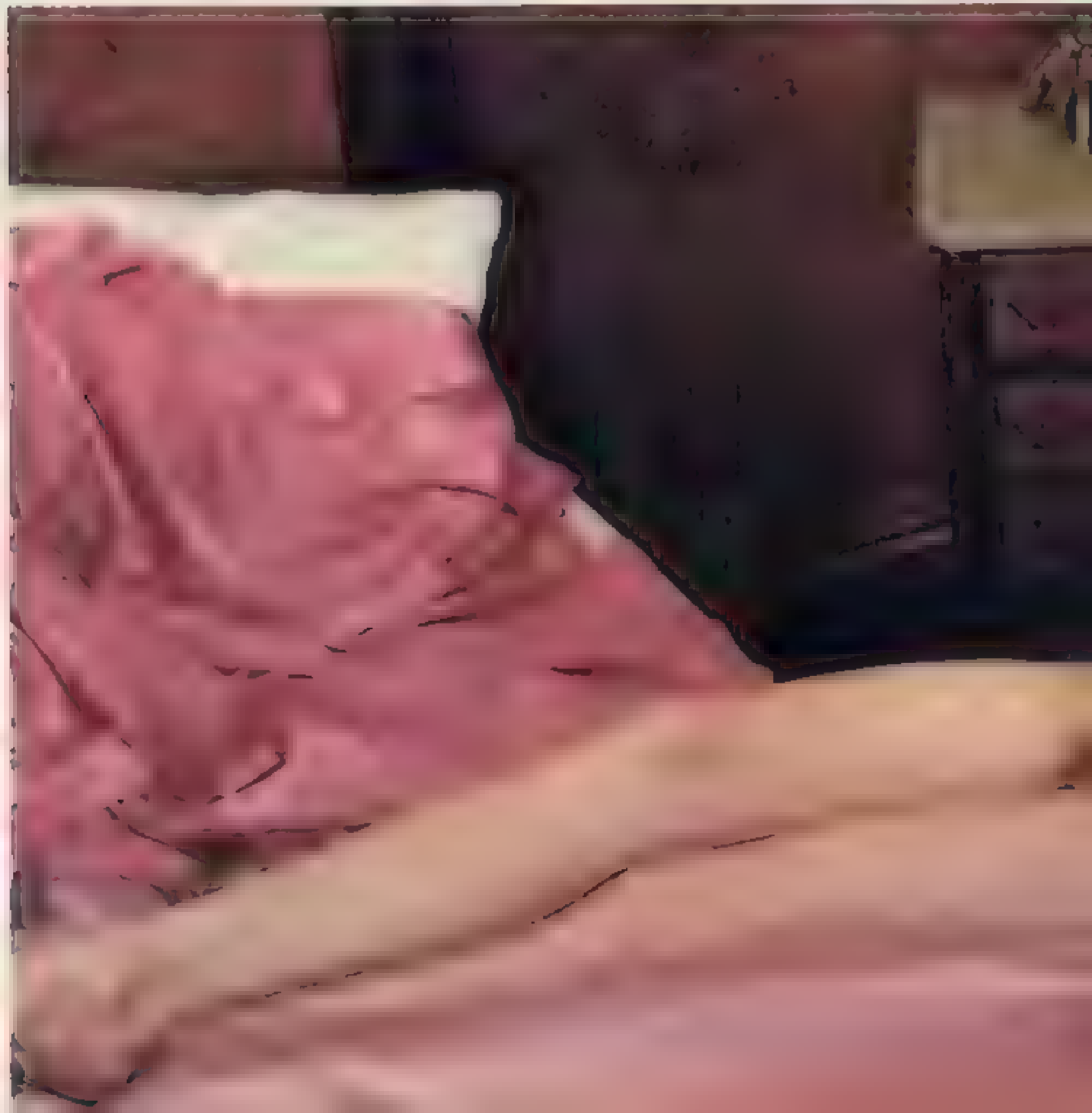
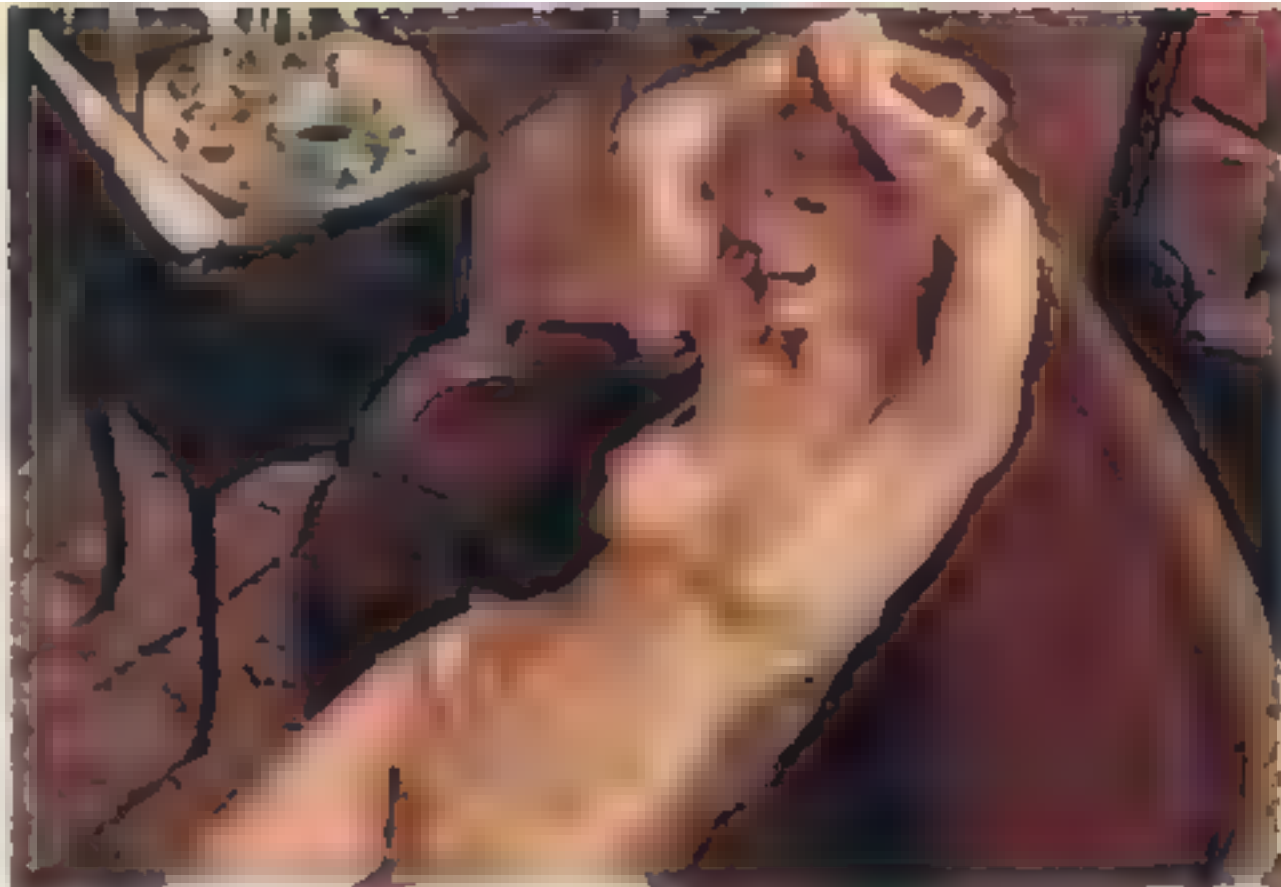
The first part of the analysis was devoted to the study of the effect of the type of the input signal on the output signal. The second part was devoted to the study of the effect of the type of the input signal on the output signal.

For winter work, it is for the first time possible to hold the snow chains on the road. Since the snow chains are not used, the snow chains are not used. Since the snow chains are not used, the snow chains are not used.

SUBJECTS—Twenty-five male students from the University of Illinois at Chicago participated in the study. They were paid \$10 per hour for their participation.

If γ (partially) is separated, $w_{\text{out}} = 1 - w_{\text{in}}$.

Mrs. [redacted] has been [redacted] as do
[redacted] from [redacted] at [redacted]
[redacted] the [redacted] part of [redacted]





13. My father and a friend went out one night to test drive a new car. The driver of the car was drunk. They had an accident on a gravel road. The driver died and they found my father in a tree 24 hours later. He was unconscious in the hospital for almost a year. My mother couldn't keep up the mink farm herself, couldn't even ask him for advice. So she had to take her seven children and go home to Saskatchewan.

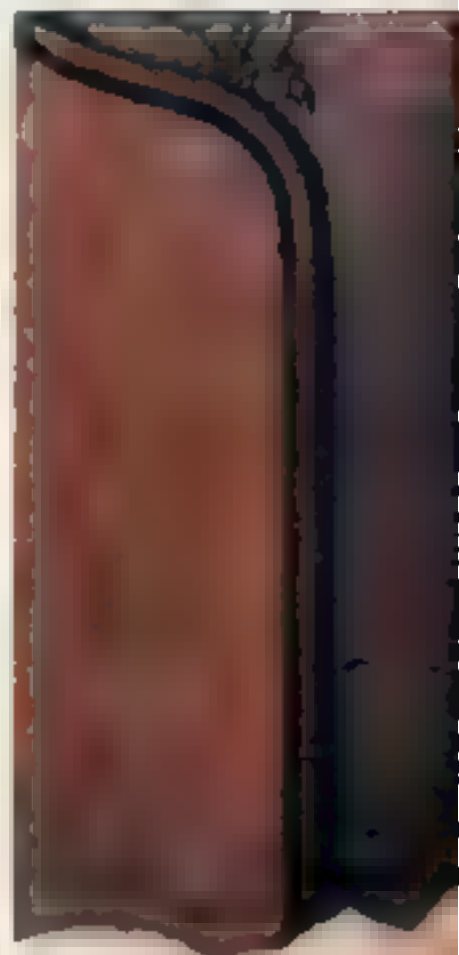
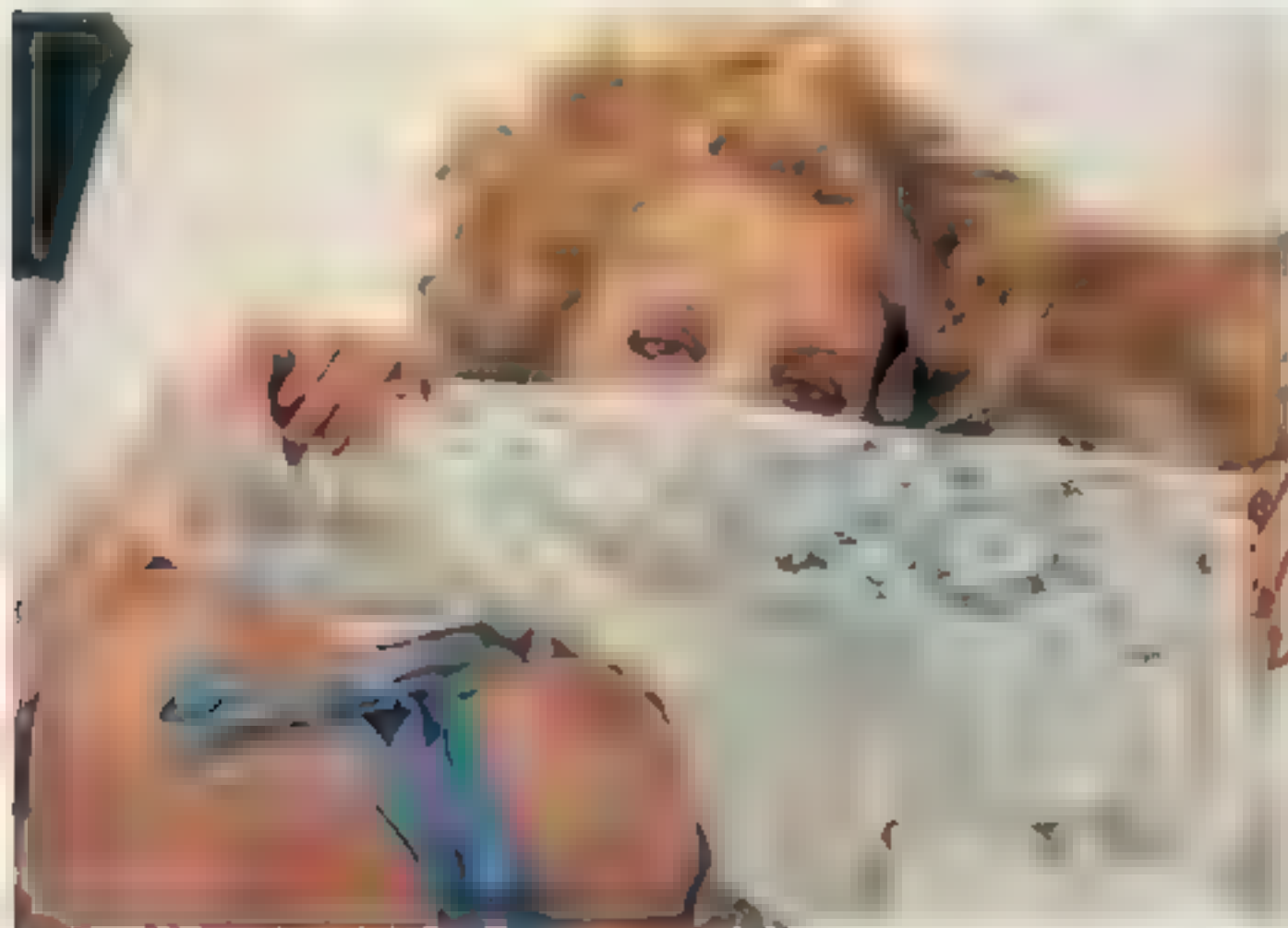
They never got back together. My father recovered after a long time, and even put the farm back together. He had to learn how to walk again and talk again, and when he died of a heart attack last March, he had bred 20 mink into 1000. I always stayed in touch with him, and I miss him.

I finished growing up in a little town in Saskatchewan, then after high school I went to Ottawa to become a lowly cocktail

Miss November found her way to us through "Thrill of a Lifetime," a TV program that makes Canadian dreams come true. The Playmate wanted a husband. I was thrilled to bring a Playmate. Thrilled to find Sharon, they put her on top of the water tower, sold it to us and now we're required to live with her except that we're



Country girls have an advantage. I find I can handle little red things better than city people can. Even though I don't appear surprised and quiet that's what I can do.

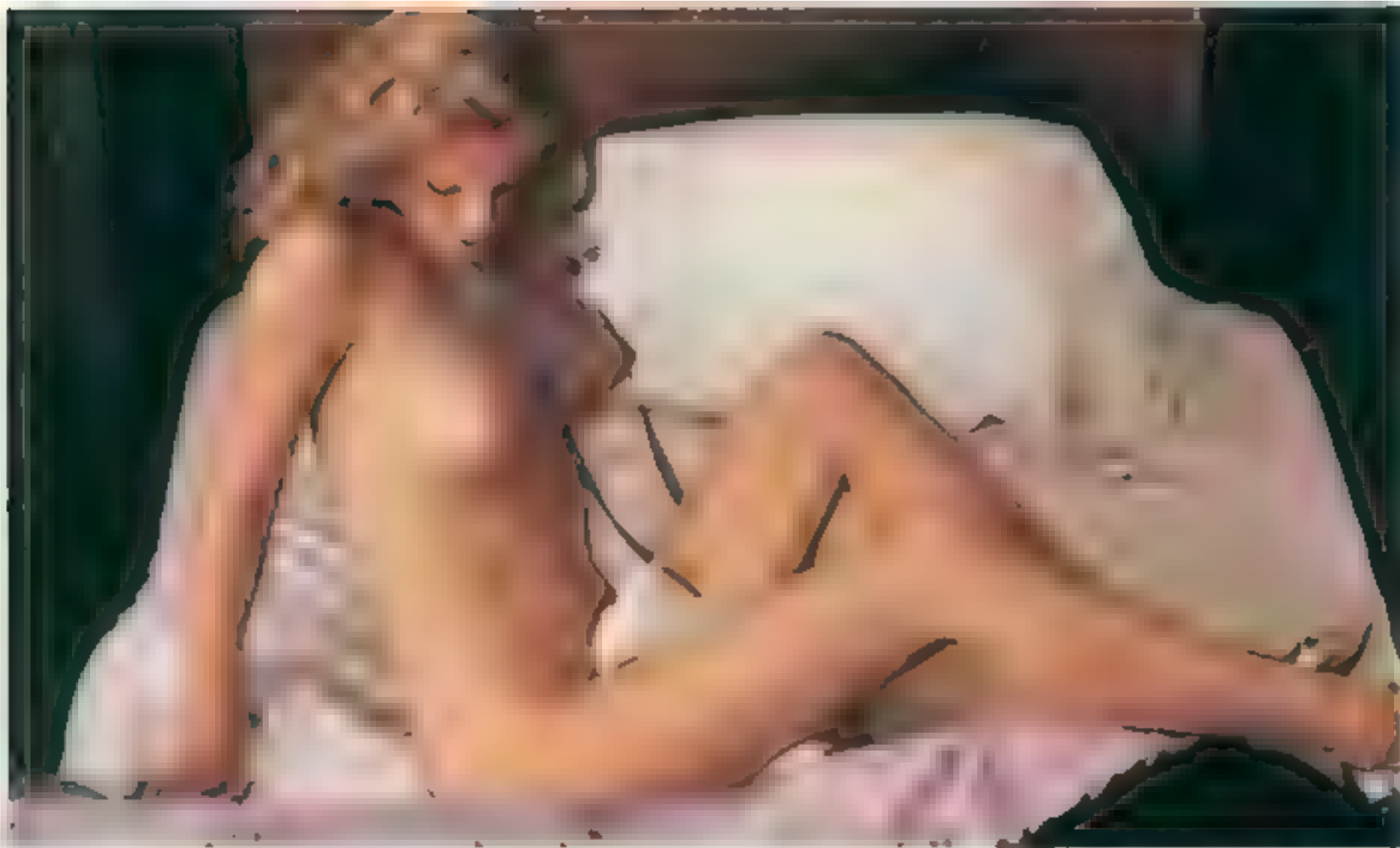


14 *So little during bleak Ontario winters. November can be a bronze bombshell in more recent climates. But in any setting the mirrors say she has to be the fairest of them all.*

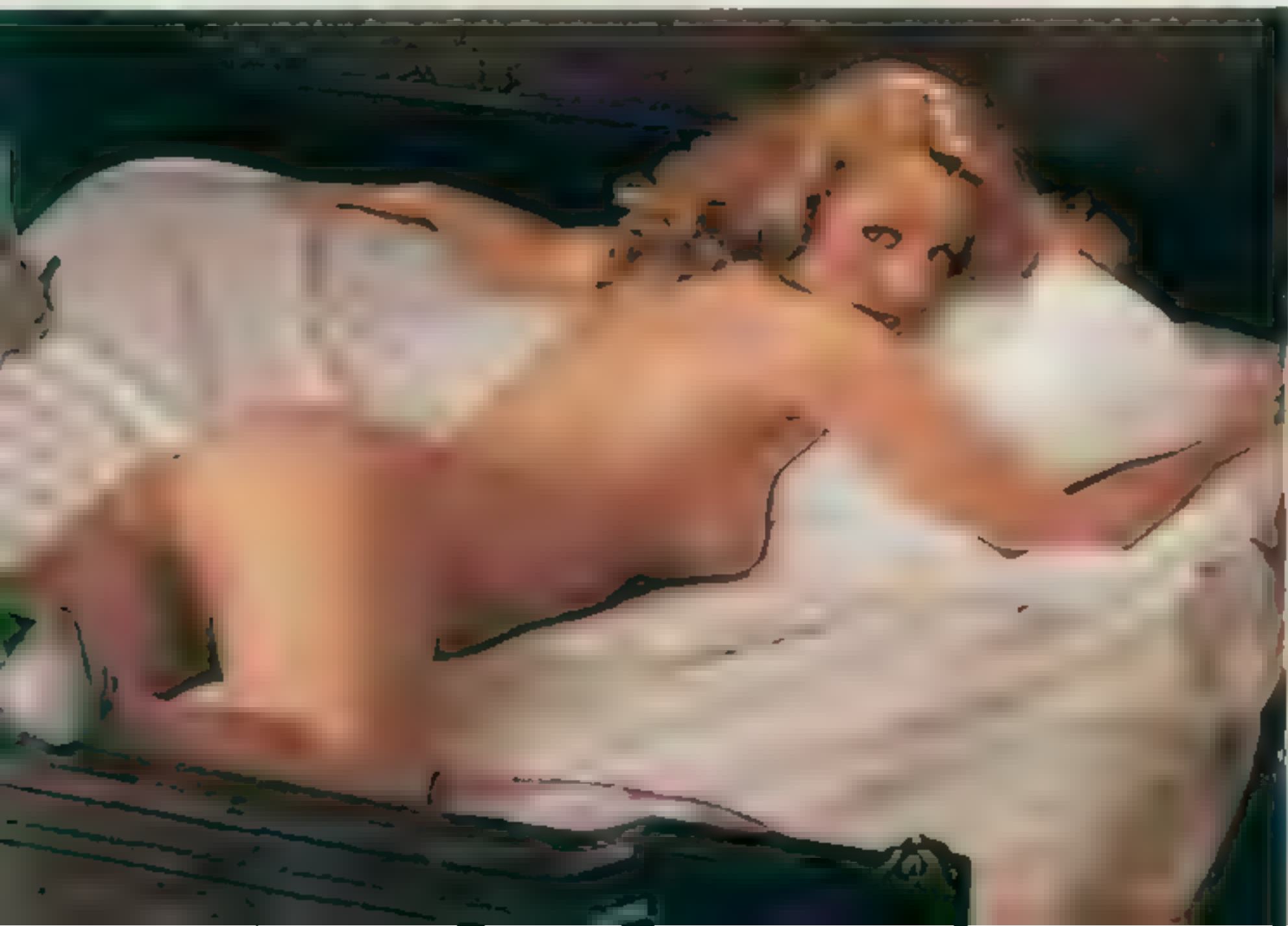
waitress and make hundreds of money. I got to be Miss Ottawa,
then entered for the Miss Canada in 1938. I won the talent
contest and then I got to be a singer. I was quite well known
in Ottawa and then so I opened my own bar called Stan-
dards. It went here for a year. We made some money but it

was just too much work. Then my bar was gone. I was
people and married. Now I am a mother of four. I
can't say. You see, now you see me. So I
went to an agency in Ottawa and I was told. You should
know. I worked in Montreal for a while then came to live





I put with the center cut when he sees a foot. I want a lot. Show in the art world if they put you on a pedestal or asked out a bedroom. There's nothing wrong with being a sex object. She insists. If that's not all you are



in Toronto, which is the best place to be in Canada. I got into high-fashion modeling here.

But I really had always wanted to be a Playmate. Every girl's fantasy is to become the ~~the~~ most beautiful, desired woman in the world at least for a month. That's what I hoped someday I could be.

There was a television program starting up here in town called *Thrill of a Lifetime*. What they needed were real life people to tell what they had always wanted to do or be. A schoolteacher had always wanted to be a clown in the circus and he got to do that in Montreal. A traveling salesman was put dying to get out of his car and do the morning traffic report from a helicopter. He got to do that. Then — *(continued on page 216)*

Miss Tweed and the boys laugh it up at Toronto's Jo Penney agency (right).



Highly successful in Canadian fashion, Shannon should do well in America now that the glamor girl is back in vogue. In fact, she's featured this month in Vogue

You have a sense of working for the important things if you come from a family. I guess you can take the girl out of Newfoundland but not Newfoundland and out of the girl.



MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Shannon Lee Tweed

BUST: 36 WAIST: 25 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT 5'10" WEIGHT: 128 SIGN: Pisces

BIRTH DATE: 3/10/57 BIRTHPLACE: St. John's, Newfoundland

AMBITION: To be a starlet and then a star on the silver screen.

ROLE MODELS: Katharine Hepburn, Lauren Bacall, Hugh M. Hefner, Pierre E. Trudeau.

TURN-ONS: well-toned bodies, fast cars and boats, Arabian horses and spending money.

TURN-OFFS: Sauvy jewelry, born-again zealots, bleached-blonde hair, hovering salespeople, cheapies.

PREFERRED PERFORMERS: Vanessa Redgrave, Gregory Peck, Tom Selleck, Lou Rawls, Janis Ian.

PERFECT EVENING: We arrive with fine wine and orchids. We toast, undress and go for a midnight swim.

PERFECT EVENING COMPANION: He's very masculine, a bit chauvinistic, definitely tall and smells good!!!

SECRET: I love chocolate; does that give you any ideas?!



First birthday



Third grade - my sophisticated look



At 18 - my first modeling test

BOSS TWEED

(continued from page 143)

there was Shannon Tweed, who always wanted to be a Playmate in Playboy. And here she is. Isn't that wild? The show got in touch with the magazine in Chicago, we did some filming for the show and test shooting for the gates, all there, and now this month is my thrill of a lifetime.

"It probably would have been easier—and maybe more appropriate—for me to be a circus clown, but it certainly wouldn't have been as exciting."

When her meal comes—a salad—she eats elegantly, the way a film girl who has been trained to formalize the manners of the city cats.

Asked what she'll do with the rest of her lifetime, she takes a breath in her lap and hesitates, and when she speaks again, her voice is soft. She places a finger against her temple.

There's an actress in here. It's very hard to make it—to become famous, an fashion model, a Movie, it's even harder in acting. But the camera's telling just excites me, excites me no end.

"I'm a little way into my acting classes now, and it's a process of digging down deep inside. Not like modeling. Some of the other students don't like models. They think we should go straight into a career and keep quiet. It's nerve-racking sometimes.

But I want to do more than anything else. I've done a few commercials, but no big speaking parts yet. I could do it. And it's a good time for it—in the movies, they tell me, the glamour girl and the happy ending are coming back.

So that's the way I'd like to go from here. I know the odds are a hundred to one against, but I don't want to give it up until I've tried."

Later, when the meal is over, the dessert is used. Shannon takes a last sip of her drink and gets ready to leave.

Being a Playmate is wonderful. It will introduce me to a lot of people I wouldn't have had a chance to meet in everyday life. Even if some of them view me only as a sex object, I'd be glad to have met them. Maybe they'd see me again in the movies. I'm hoping for some nice funny stories and happy endings.

I'm afraid I'll make another scene on the way out, she smiles. I think I'm just too tall.

Her eyes embrace her again when she stands. One young dark-skinned businessman in particular seems entranced. He never looks away as she smooths her dress, passes the maître d' again, says good night and steps into the elevator out of sight.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

I managed to hang on to my job through the change of administrations," said the Washington female special assistant, "but, office-sex-wise, these new conservatives just aren't the same."

"How so?" inquired her listener.

"The days of Big Government are over!"

"There've been bumper crops this year," the rural madam told the members of her staff as cash-heavy farmers began showing up.

"Yeah, sure," said one of the girls, "so it's time again for the harvest boon maul."



"That's certainly an odd statement, Chet," was the comment at a college bull session. "How do you mean that girls are like rocks?"

"The flat ones are better to skip."

"Say, what's a Breathalyzer?" one tavern patron asked another.

"I'd describe it as a bag that tells you when you've drunk too much," answered his fellow beer buff.

"Well, whaddaya know?" said the questioner. "I've been married to one of those for years and years now."

*There's a coed at State named Doreen
Who's renowned on the oral-sex scene.*

Since vibrator, it's said,

Is the crown on her head,

She's been voted the Humcoming Queen.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bicuspid* as an A.C./D.C. dentist.

It had taken cajolery for the man to persuade his wife to let him make love to her; she hadn't been very cooperative during the act and now that it was over, she snapped, "You're lucky, you know, Herbert, that I don't make you pay me what I'm worth for submitting to this!"

"I sure am, Louise," sighed her husband, "because if I did that, I'd probably be prosecuted for violating the minimum-wage law."

"Now, now," murmured the gynecologist soothingly to his obviously upset patient. "There's really nothing to this and it will soon be over. Tell me," he added, "haven't you ever been examined like this before?"

"Yes, I have," gulped the girl, "but never by a doctor."

For much of Saturday afternoon, the youngster had been tearing in and out of the house, tooling madly as he played at directing traffic on the run. Finally, his mother could take no more of it and screamed, "Do that one more time, Billy, and I'll blow your damn whistle for you!"

"That goes to prove it, Marge," remarked her husband, looking over from the sports action on the screen. "I've always said you treat the kid better than you do me."

We wonder if you've heard about the sensuous female bather who slipped in a bar of soap.

*In a frat house, a girl who was square
Downed a tumbler of Scotch on a dare.*

She no sooner had finished

I than her hang-ups diminished,

And she found herself loaded for bare!

It was during a hard-core-skin-flick obscenity trial, of course, that one witness gave X-spurt testimony.

A man applying for work in a Florida lemon grove seemed rather well bred for such a job.

"Look, Mac," said the foreman, "have you actually had experience picking lemons?"

"I certainly have," replied the applicant. "I've been divorced four times."



"But this isn't an engagement ring," protested the girl. "It's just a tiny, unset diamond."

"I know, honey," said the fellow, "but it'll be mounted the very day after you are."

When I was small, my mother told me that my future husband's penis would grow like a tree before he planted it in me," the recent bride confided to a good friend, "but every time I see Arnold's supposed erection, I feel like shouting, 'Bonsai!'"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *hot tub* as a balling bowl.

I was initiated into a fascinating tribal rite during the summer vacation, the shy maiden told a classmate at the mission school. "It was my very first date, who told me that he had a special, intimate peace pipe and that it was customary for a girl to smoke it."

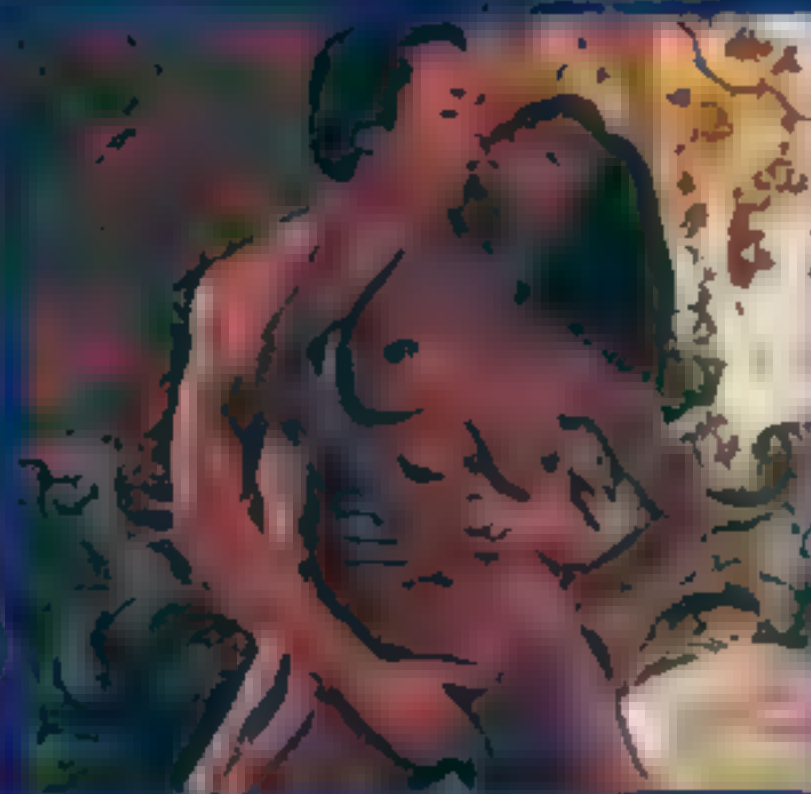
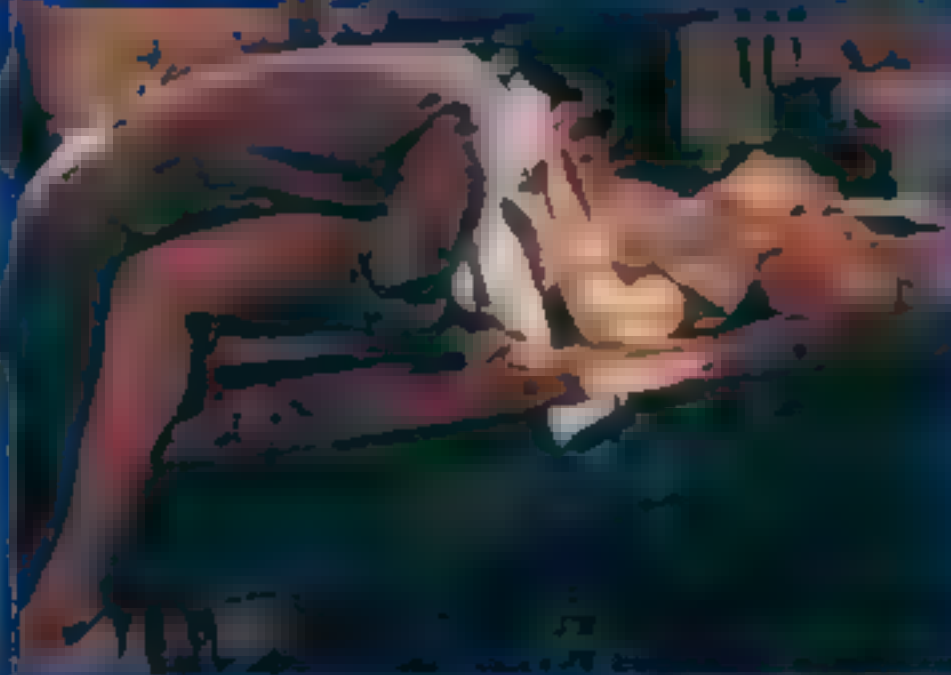
Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.





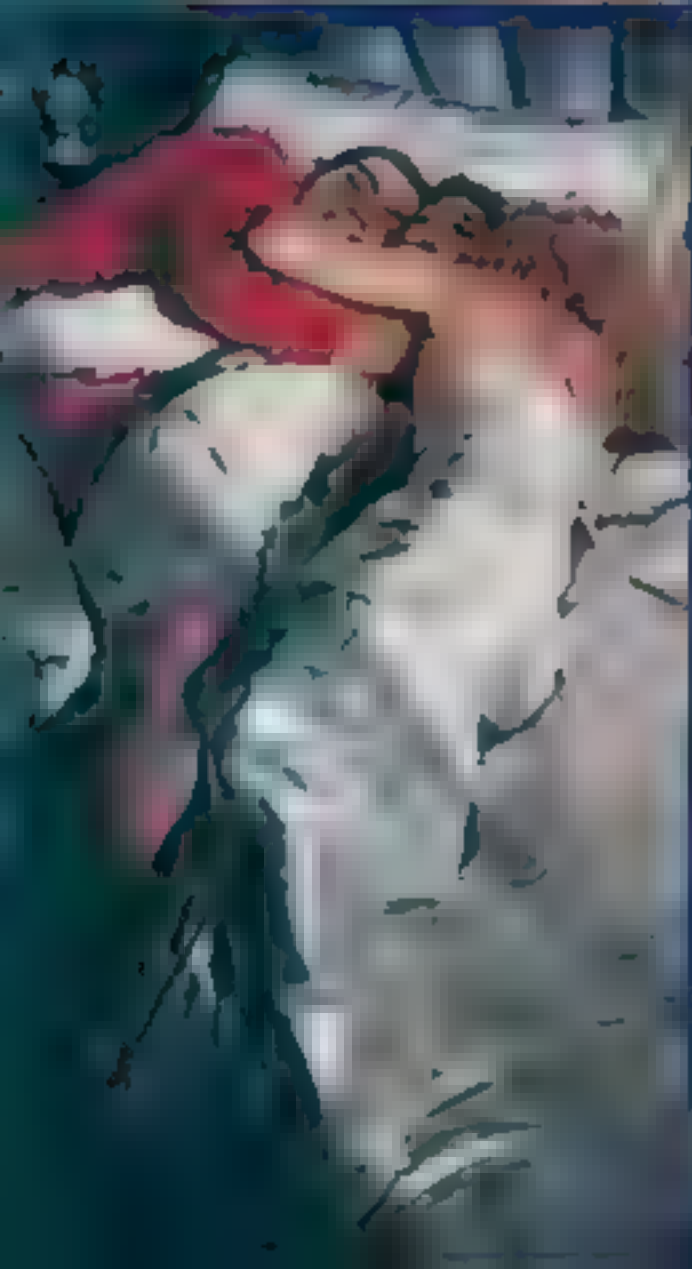
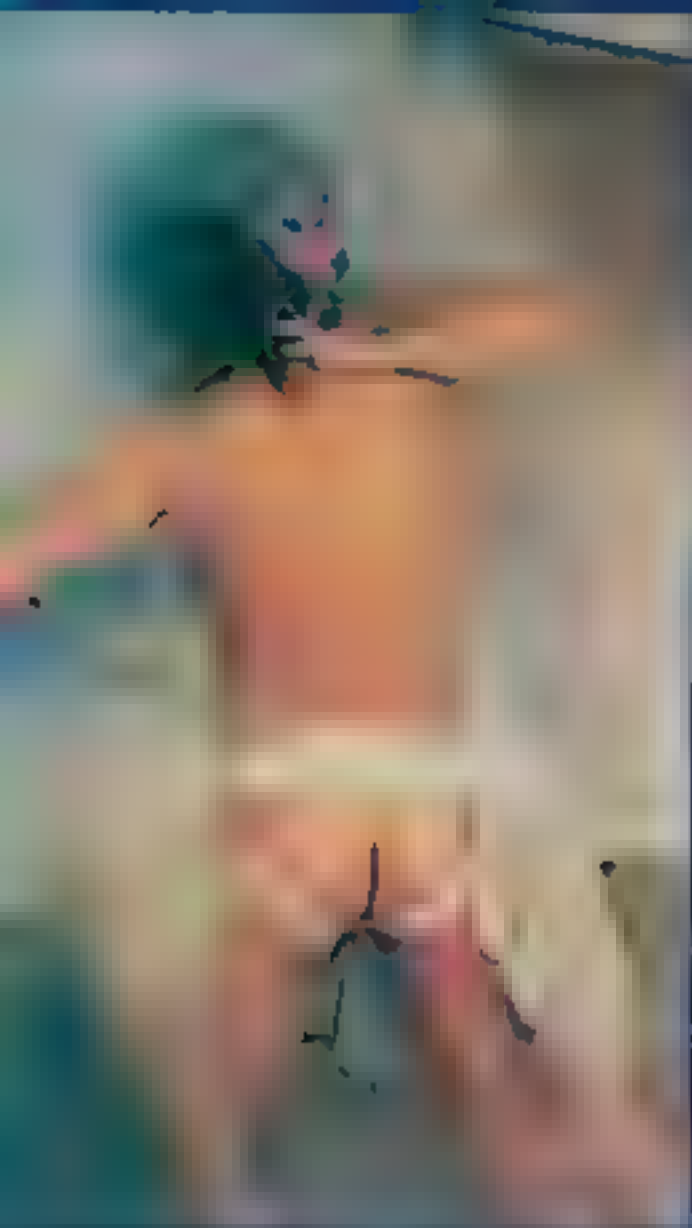
SEX IN CINEMA - 1981

IN A YEAR THAT FEATURED MORE GORE THAN AMOR MOVIE GOERS BIGGEST TITILLATION
MAY WELL HAVE BEEN PROVIDED BY A BARE BREASTED JULIE ANDREWS



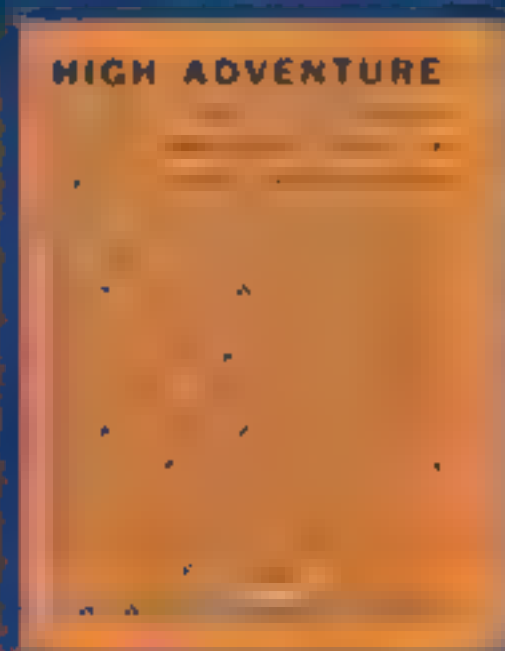
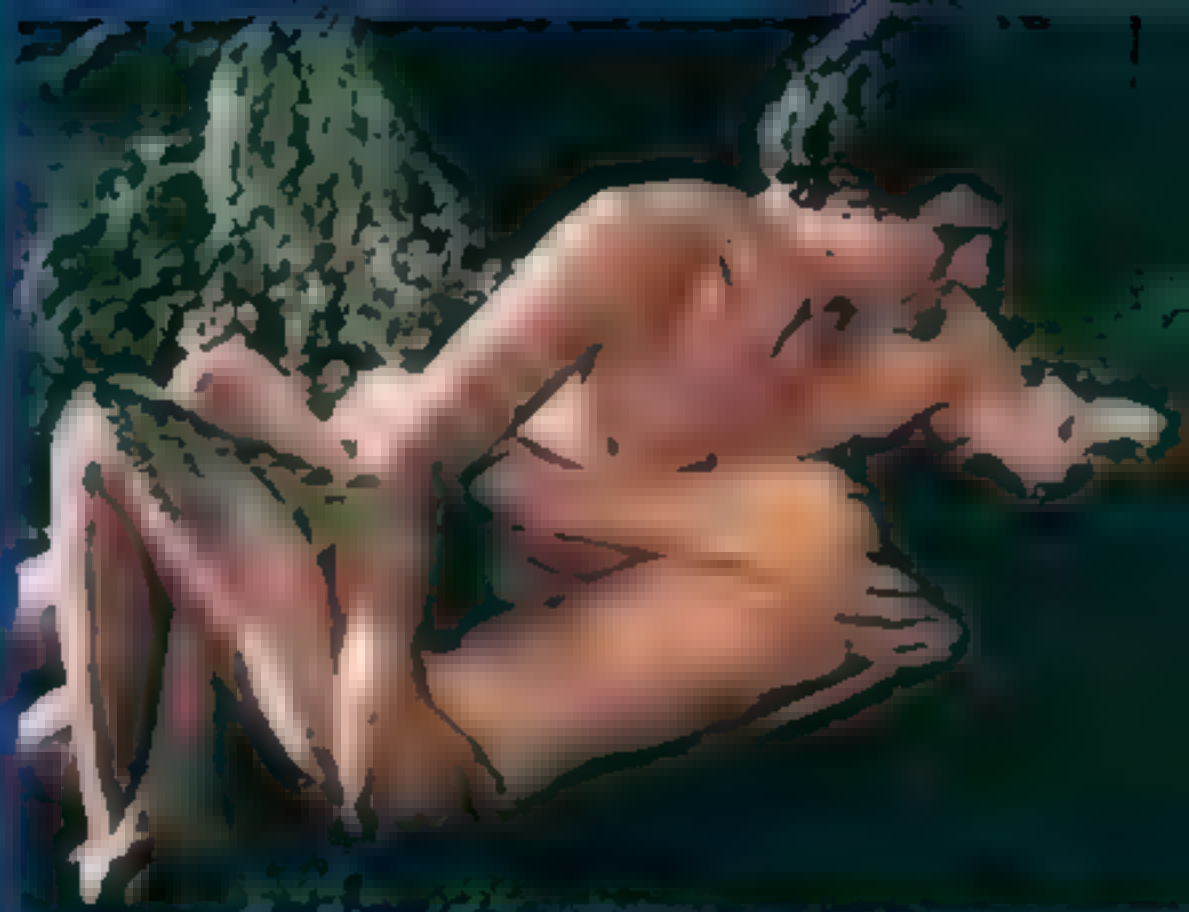
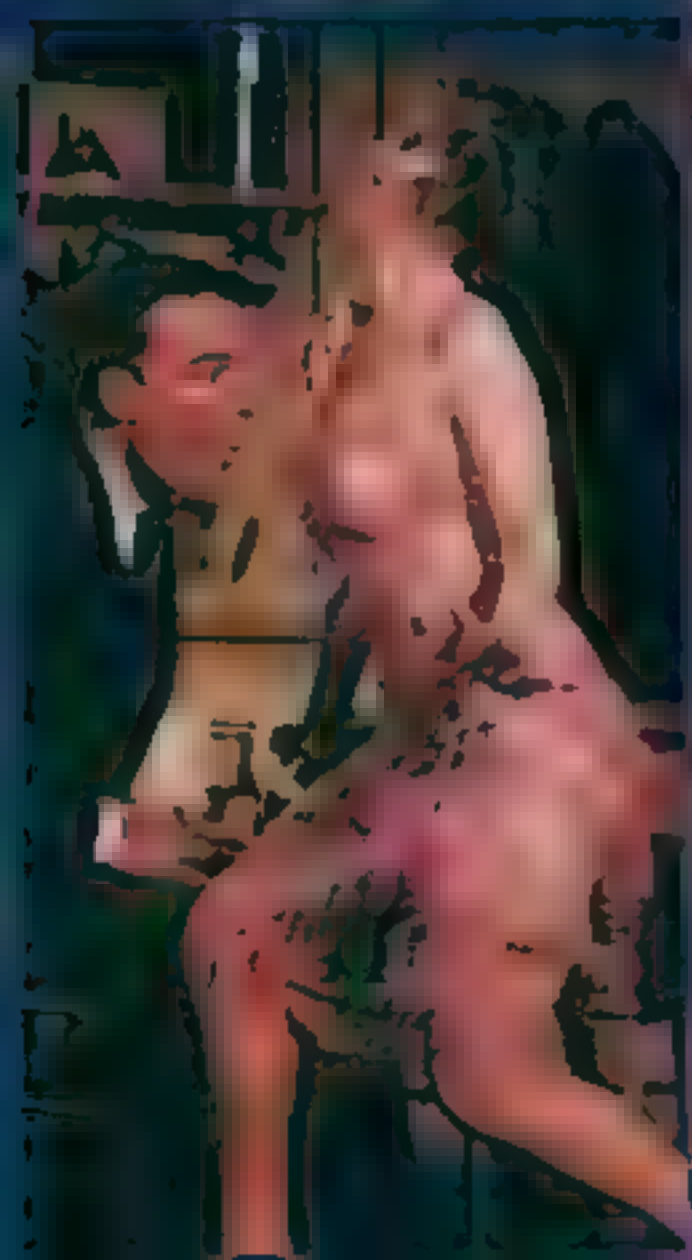
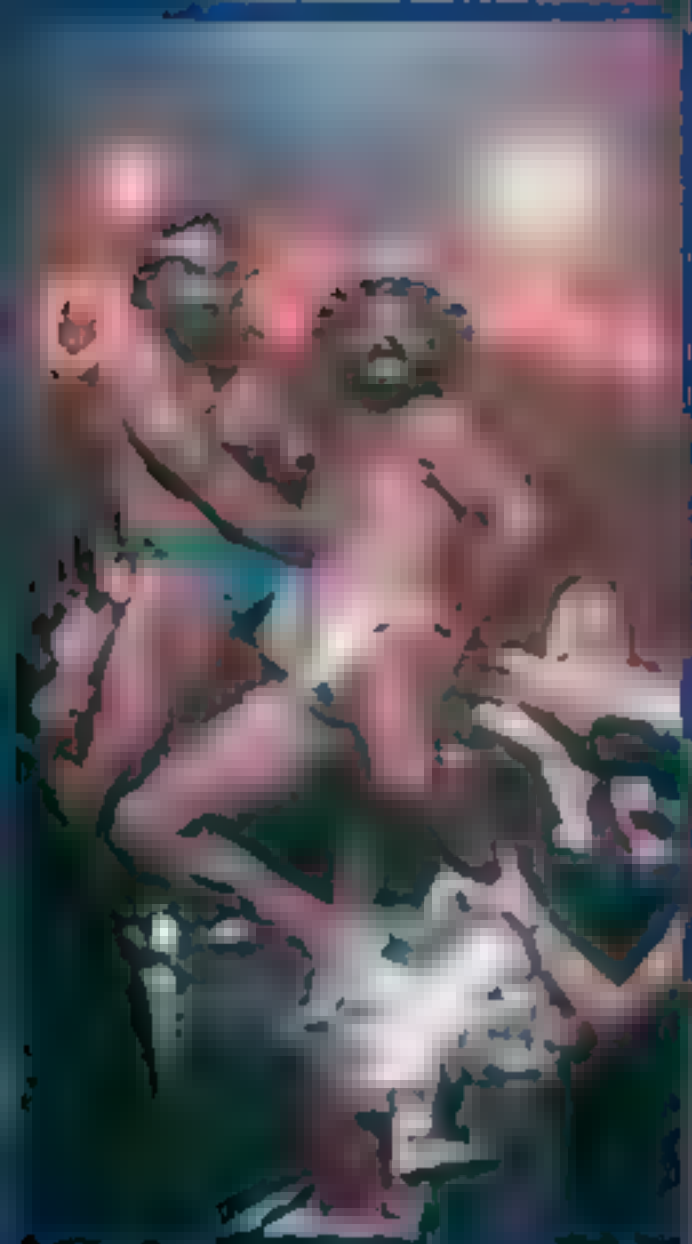
WHATEVER TURNS YOU ON:

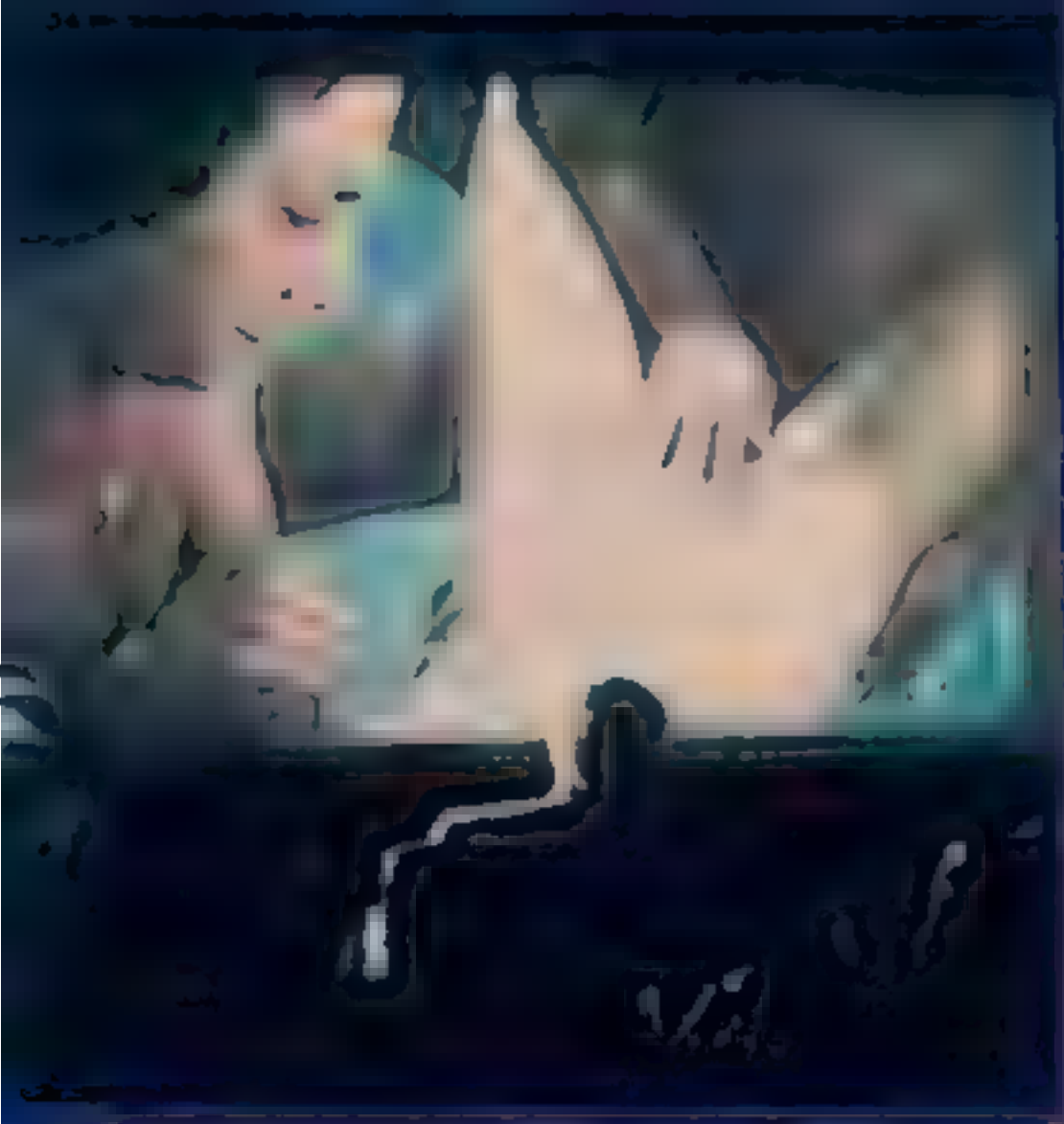
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HIGH-JINKS

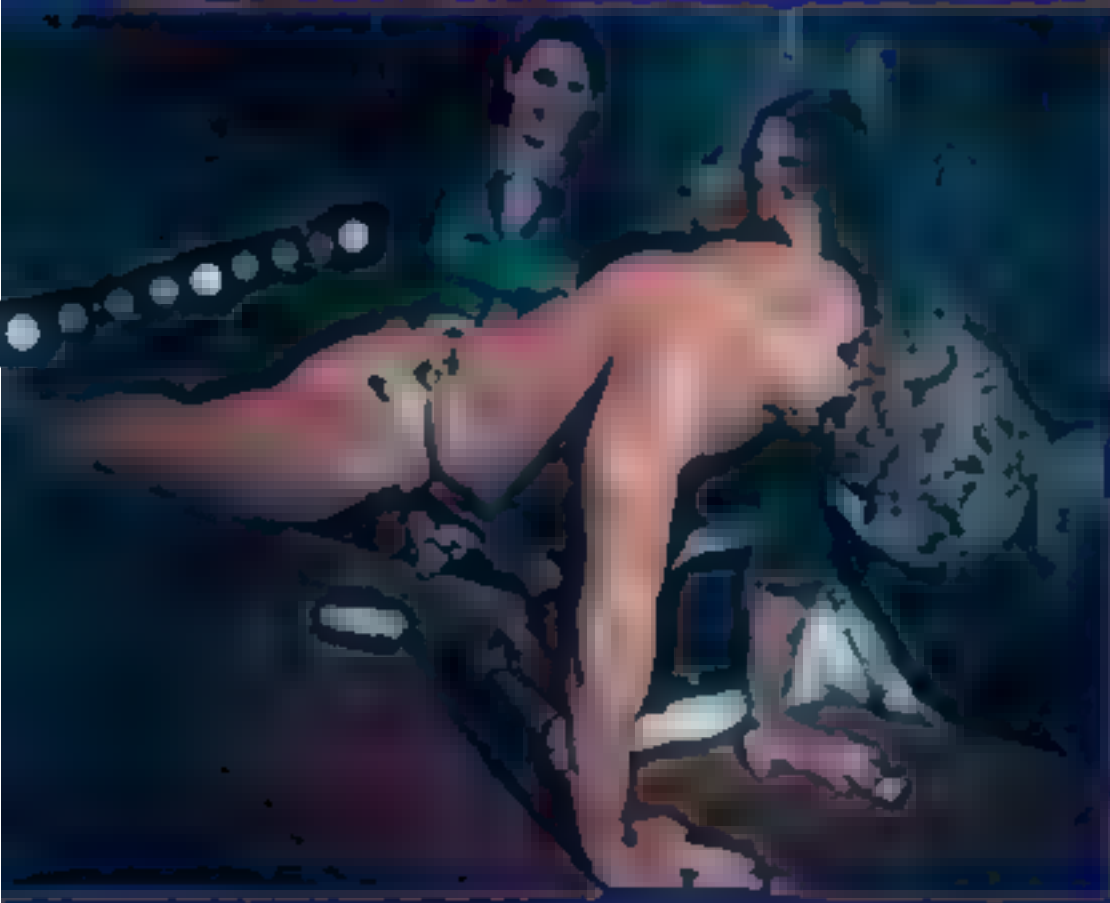
THEY WERE BOTH IN THE MIDDLE OF A
MOMENT WHEN HE SAW HER. SHE WAS
STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE
ROOM, AND HE WAS IN THE MIDDLE
OF THE ROOM. HE WAS IN THE MIDDLE
OF THE ROOM, AND SHE WAS IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE ROOM. HE WAS IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE ROOM, AND SHE WAS
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM.





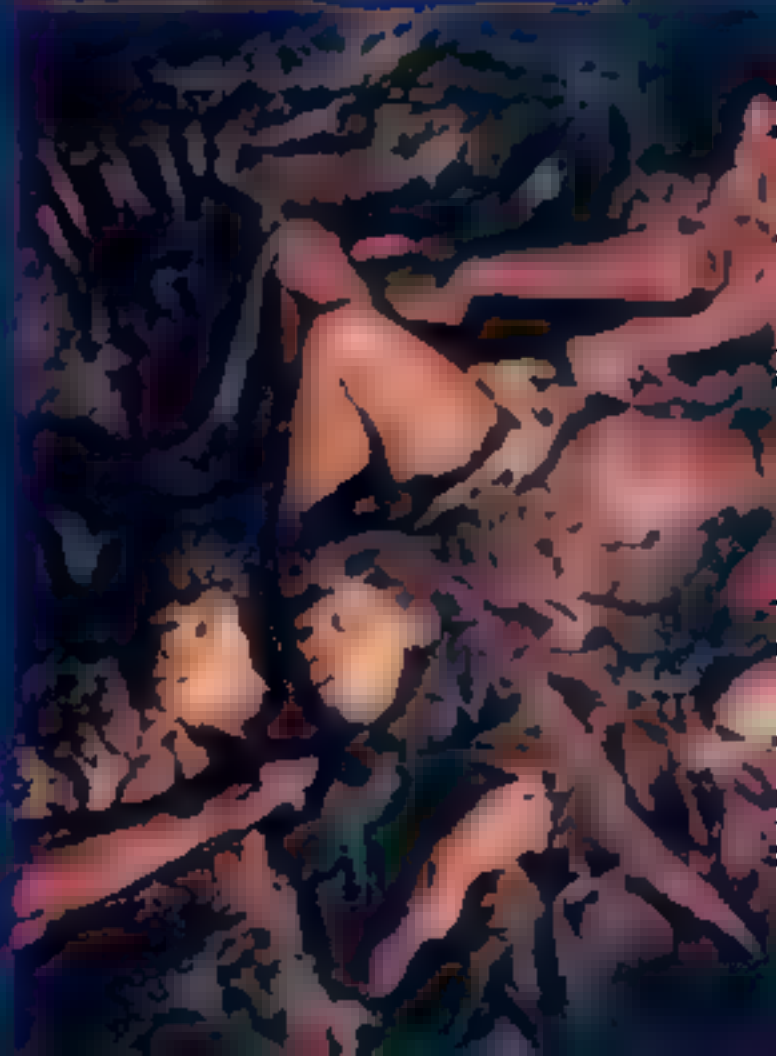
THE FEMININE CRITIQUE:

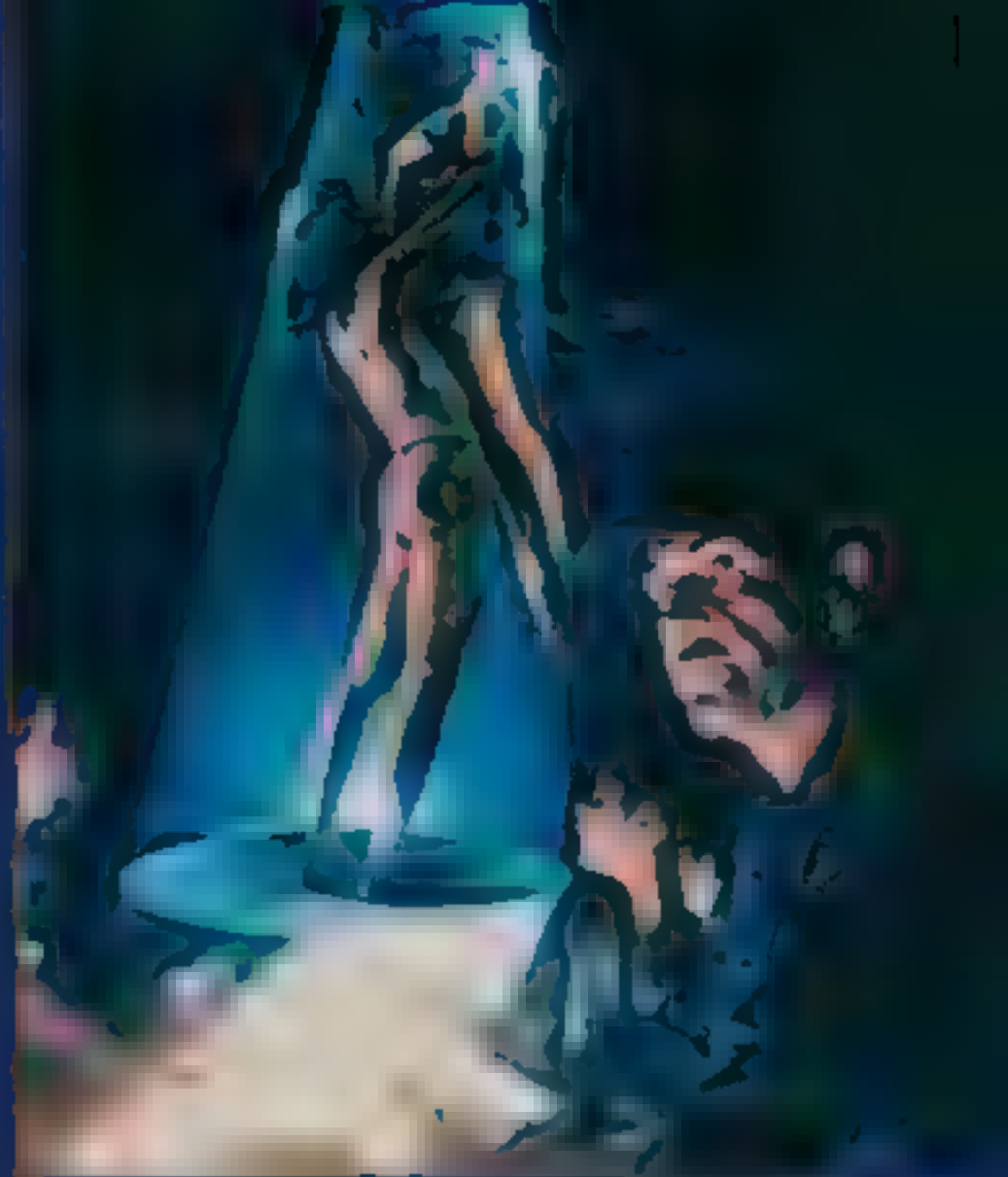
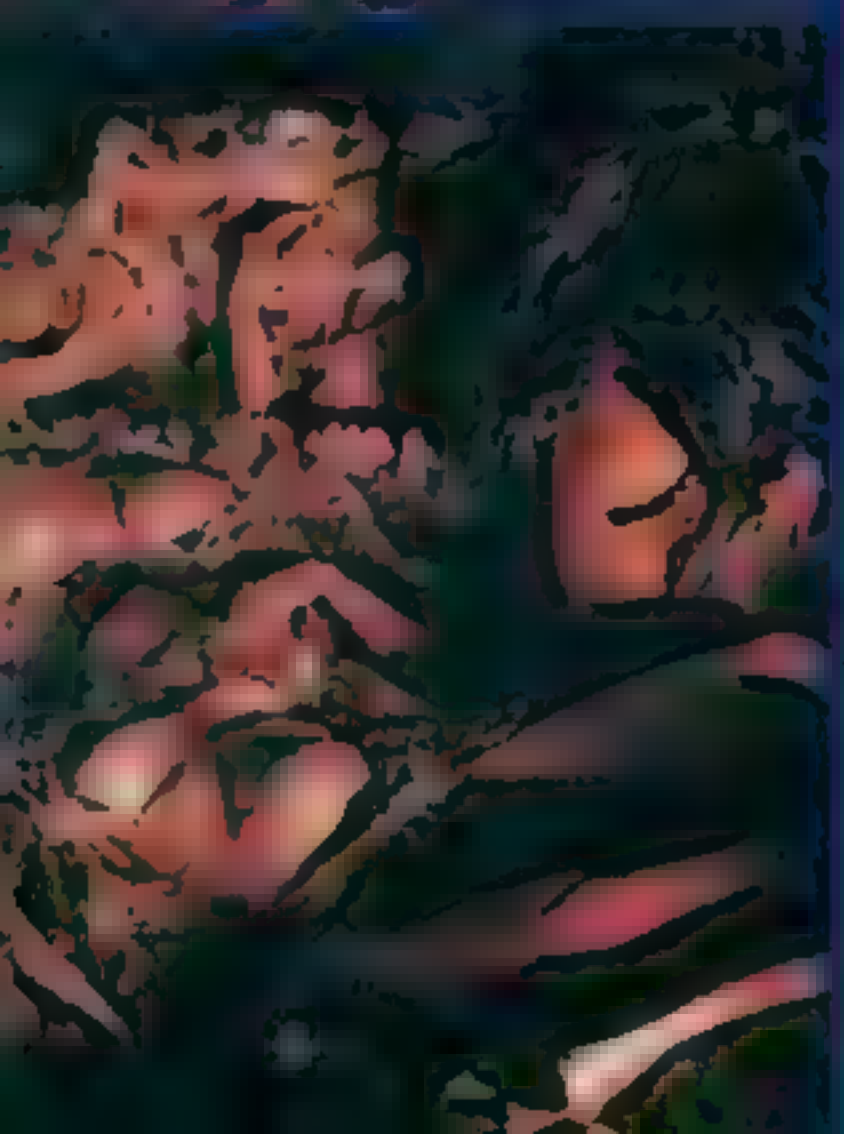
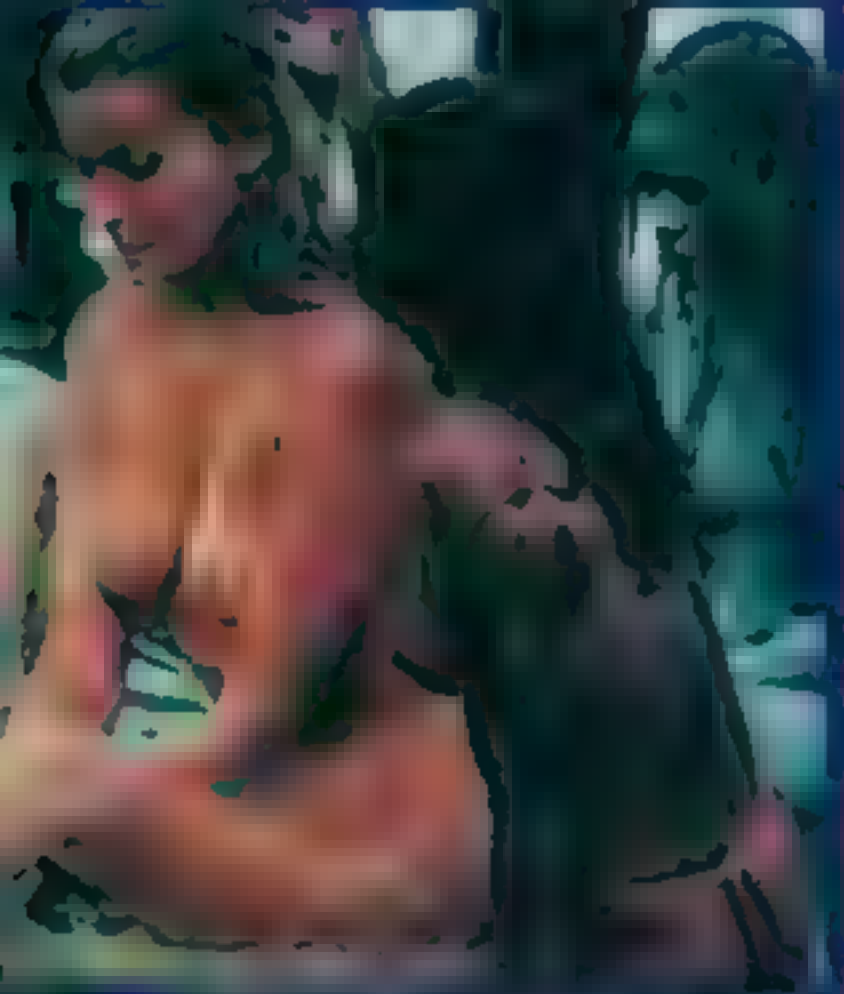
When a woman is the central figure in a film, she is often the subject of a critical analysis. This is because the female figure is often used to represent the feminine ideal, and the way in which she is portrayed can be seen as a reflection of the society's attitudes towards women. The feminine critique is a way of looking at the female figure in film, and it is a way of questioning the way in which women are represented in the media.



PRIMAL SCREEN

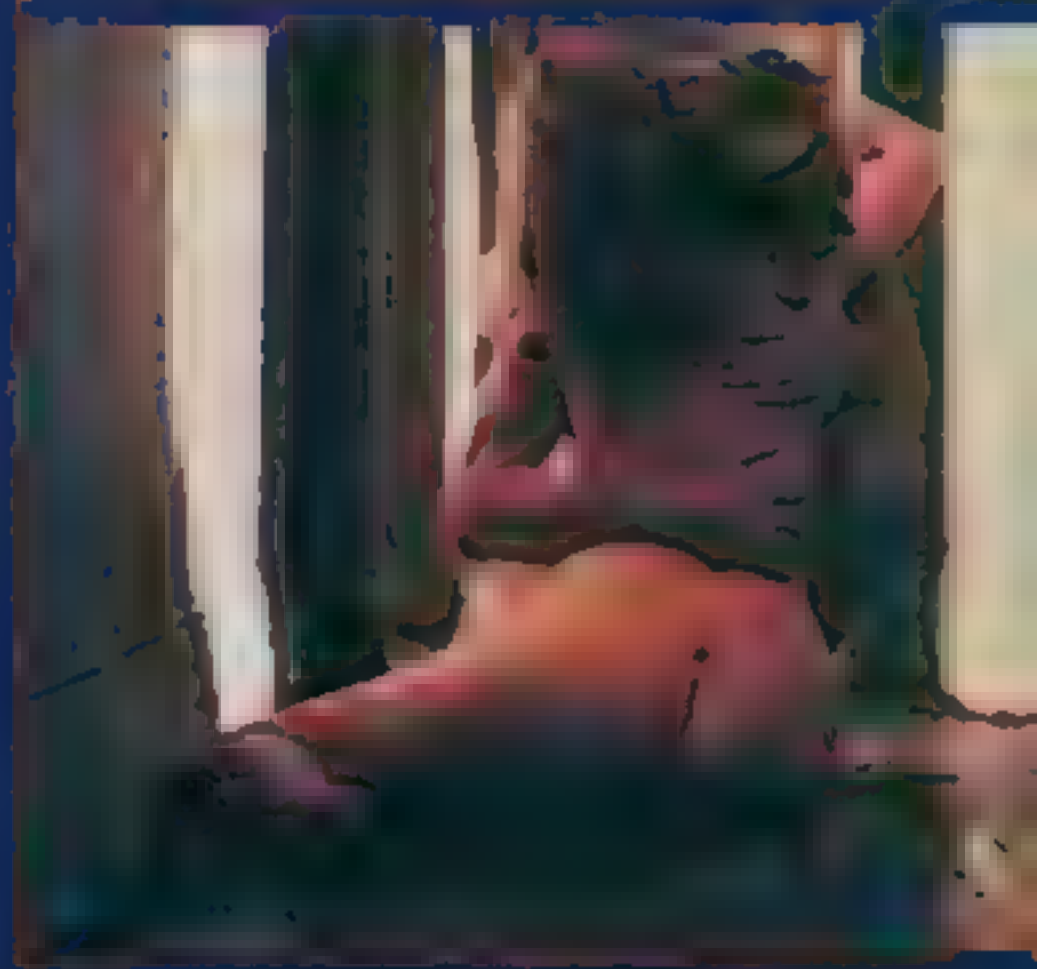
The primal screen is a concept that refers to the way in which the female figure is used to represent the feminine ideal. It is a way of looking at the female figure in film, and it is a way of questioning the way in which women are represented in the media. The primal screen is a way of looking at the female figure in film, and it is a way of questioning the way in which women are represented in the media.

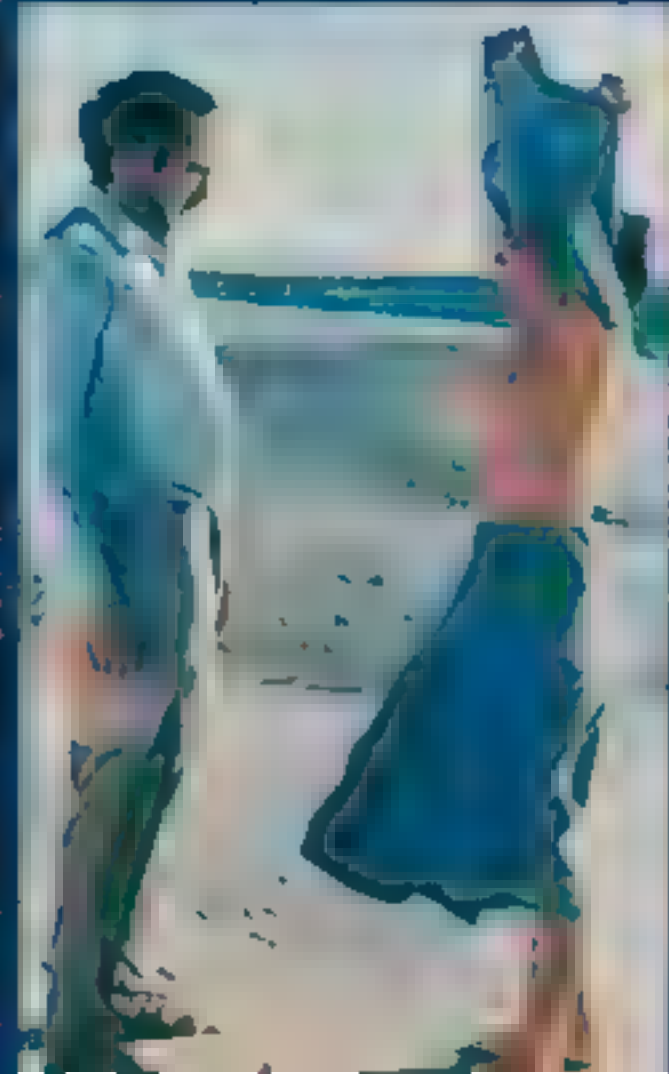
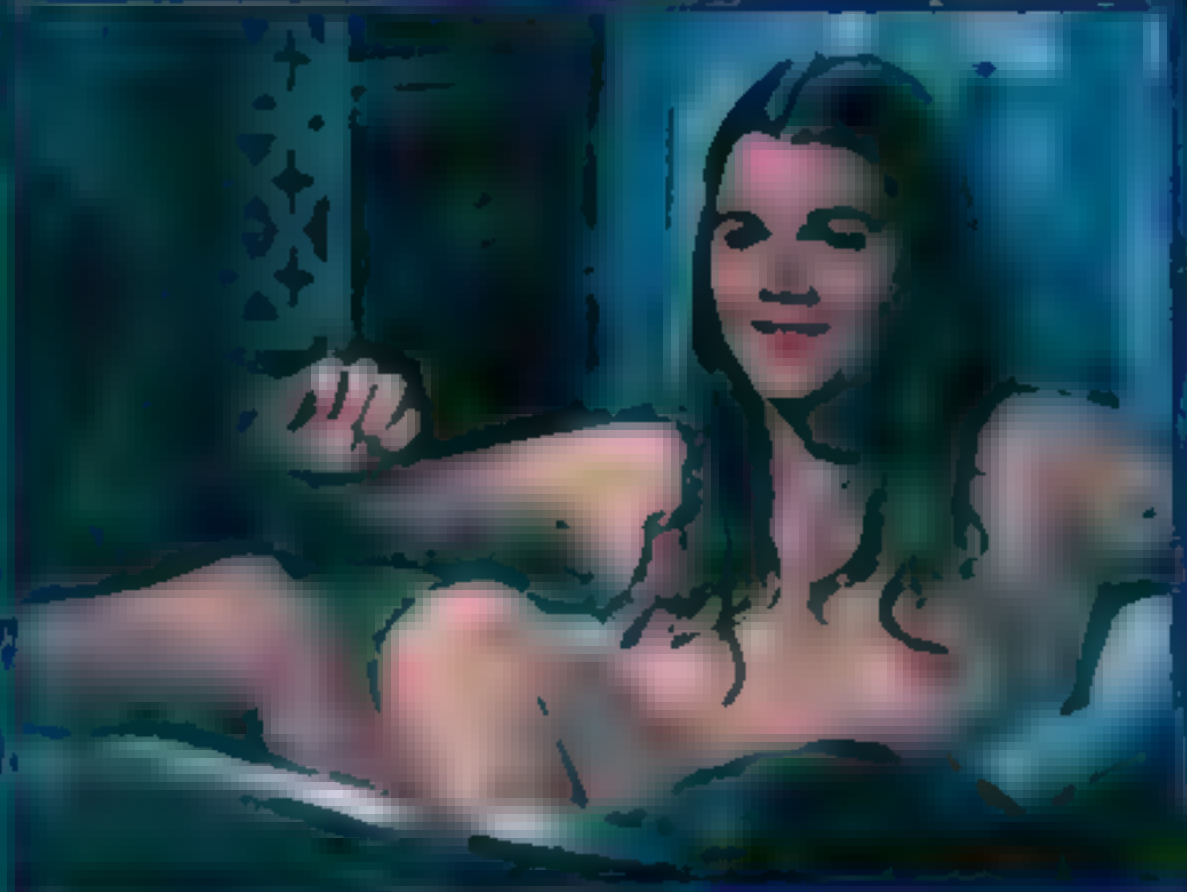




MIND-BLOWERS:

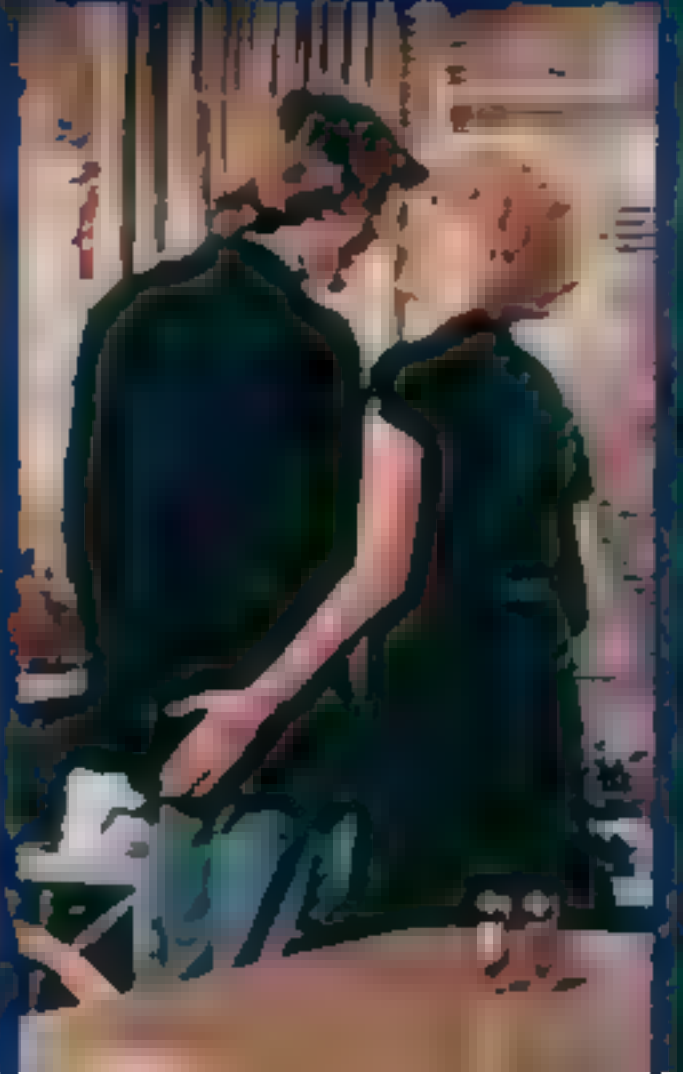
MIND-BLOWERS: The 1990s have been a decade of mind-blowing revelations about the world we live in. From the discovery of the Hubble Deep Field to the cloning of a human embryo, the 1990s have been a decade of extraordinary scientific and technological achievement. The following are some of the most mind-blowing revelations of the decade.

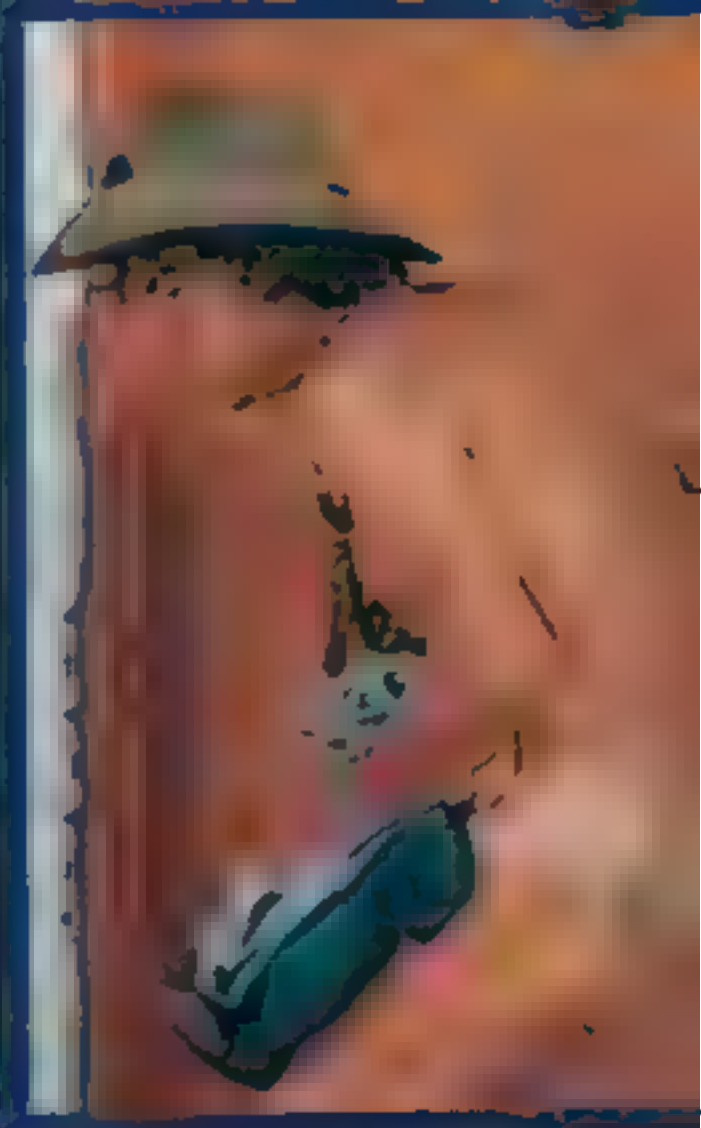
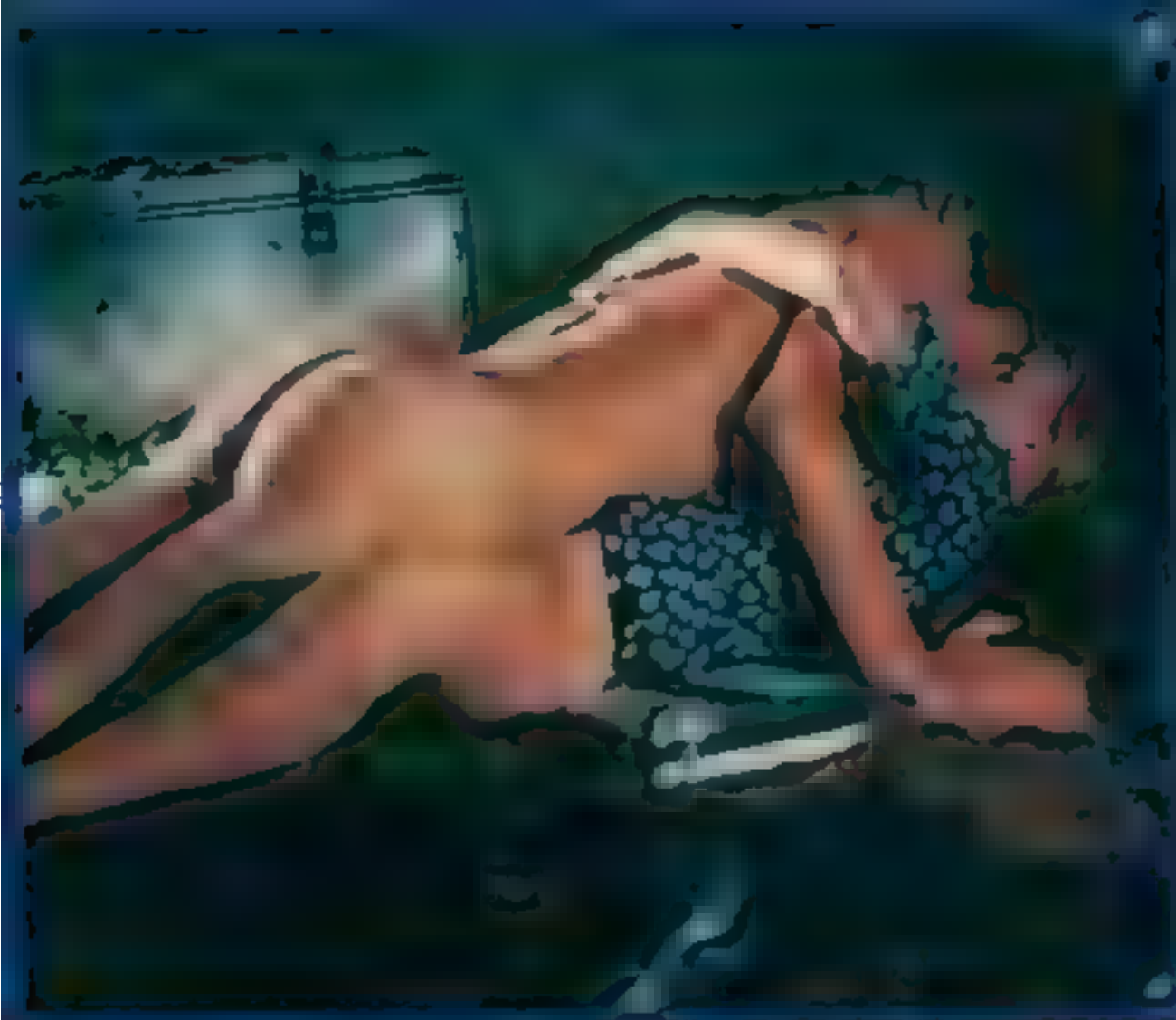




AGE + BEAUTY:

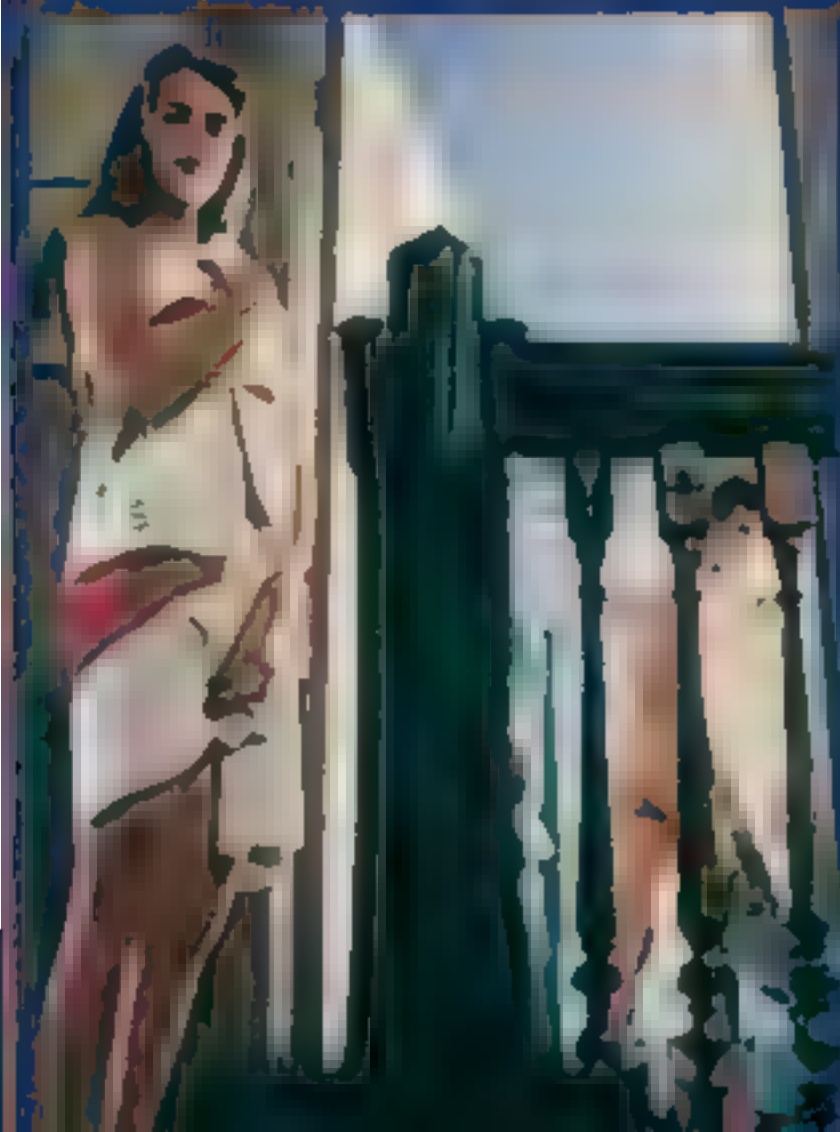
The image shows a document page with very faint, illegible text. There are some markings that appear to be numbers or letters, such as '11' on the left side and 'H' near the bottom left. The overall quality is poor, with significant noise and low contrast.





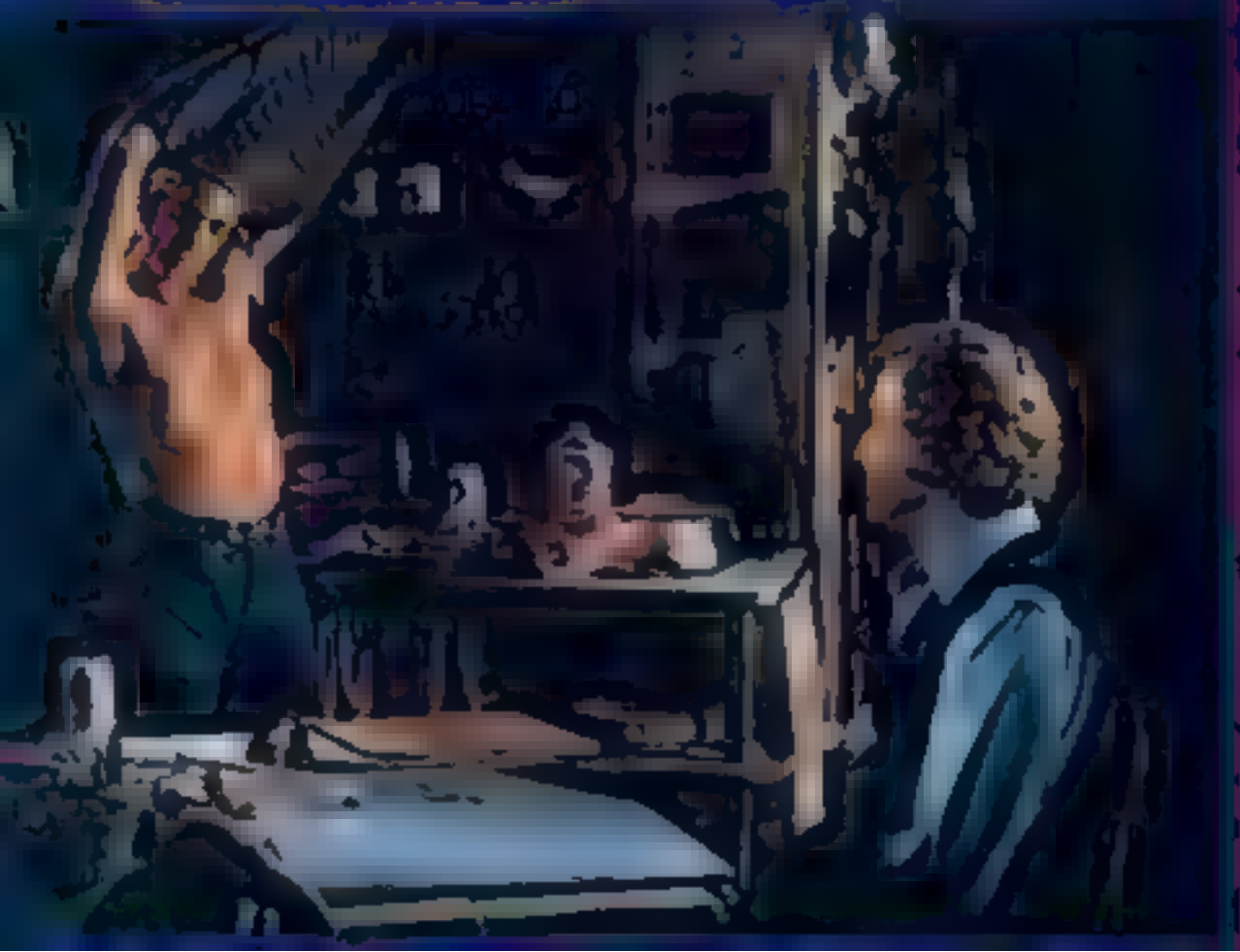
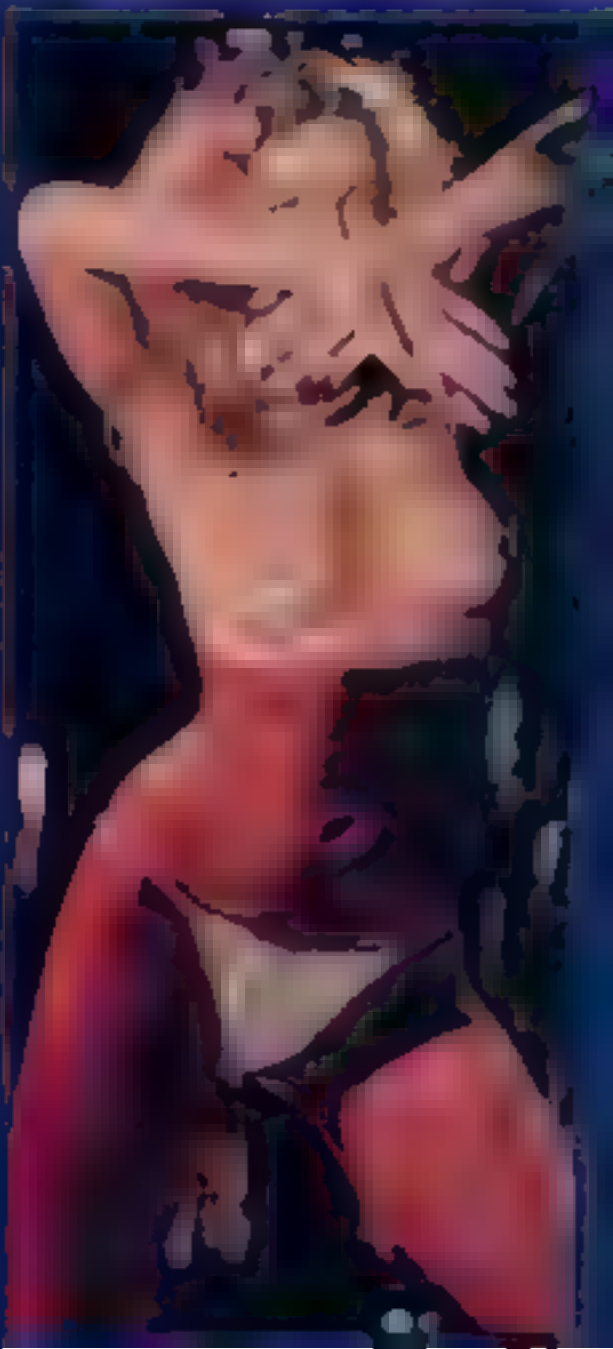
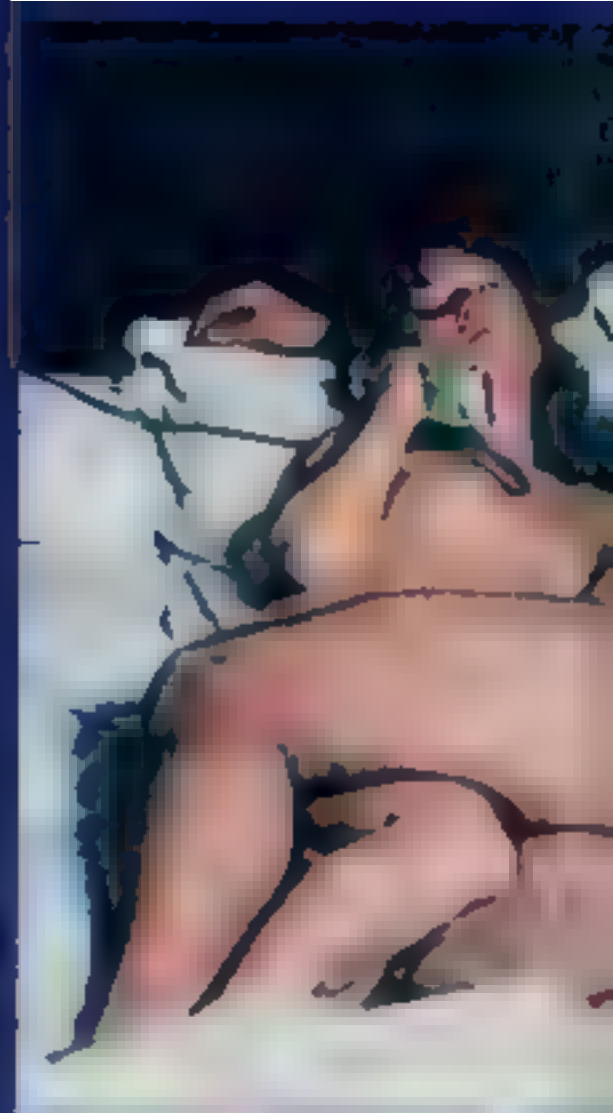
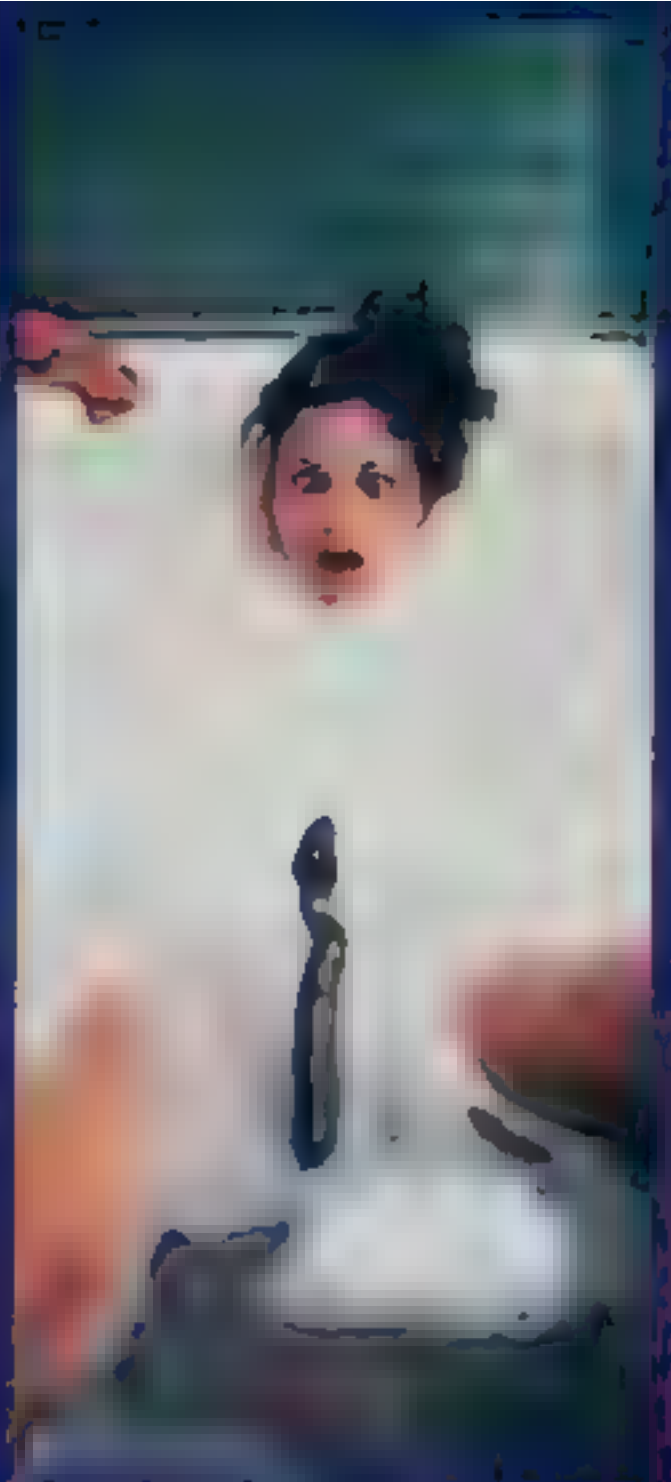
HELLO, YOUNG LOVERS

It's a beautiful day in the heart of the city, and the young lovers are out and about. They are walking along the boardwalk, hand in hand, and the young man is holding a large bouquet of flowers. They are both smiling and looking at each other. The young woman is wearing a white dress and the young man is wearing a blue shirt. They are walking towards the camera, and the background is a blurred view of the city.





BLOOD SPORTS:
M... ..
P... ..
E... ..
A... ..
P... ..
W... ..
W... ..
A... ..
A... ..
M... ..
W... ..





FOREIGN EXCHANGE

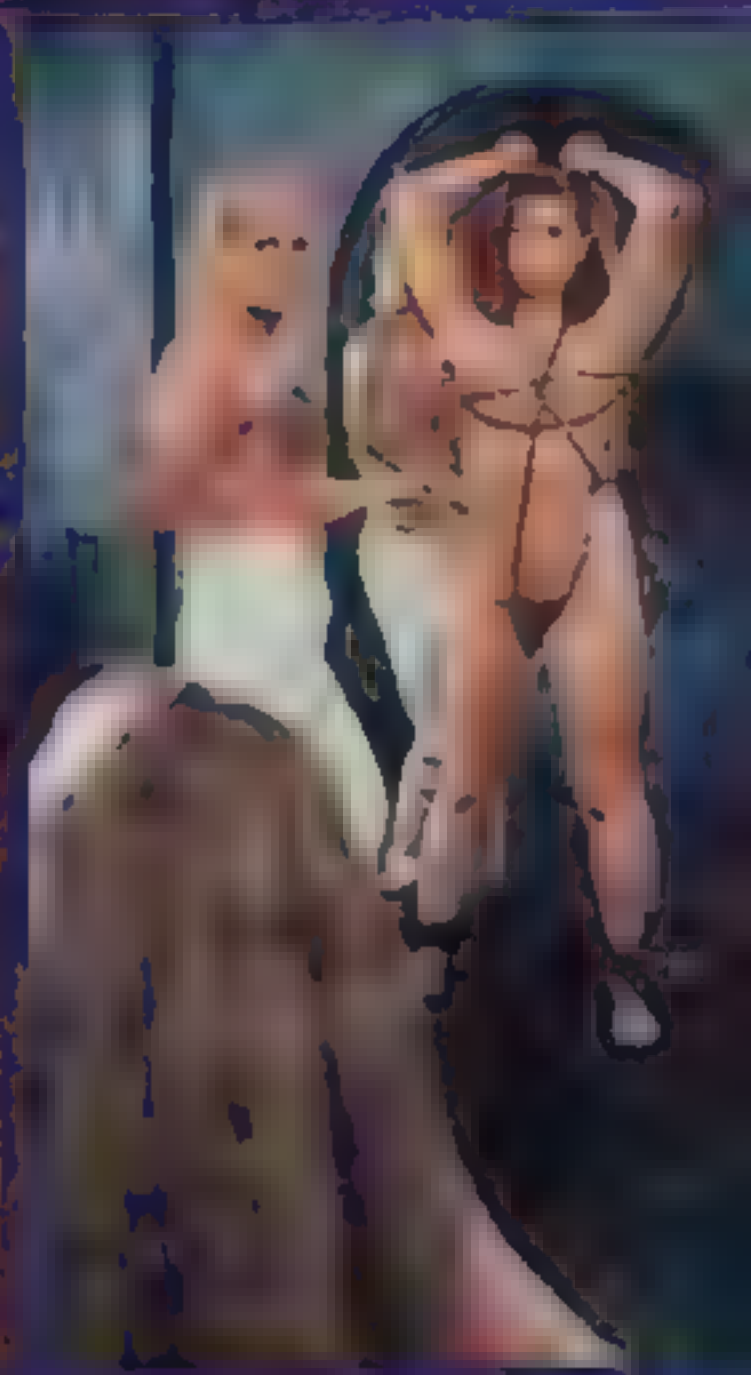
1. The first step in the process of foreign exchange is to determine the amount of foreign currency needed. This is done by multiplying the amount of domestic currency by the exchange rate. For example, if the exchange rate is 1.5, then 100 units of domestic currency would be equivalent to 150 units of foreign currency.

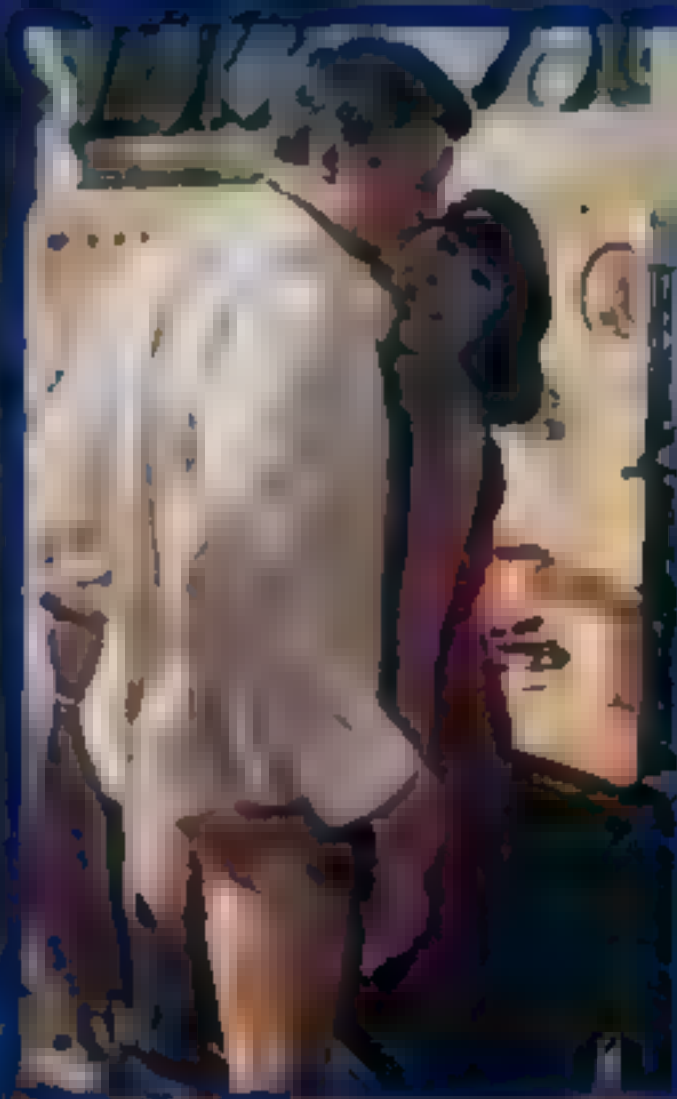
2. The second step is to convert the domestic currency into the foreign currency. This is done by selling the domestic currency to a foreign exchange dealer or bank. The dealer or bank will then issue the foreign currency to the customer.

3. The third step is to use the foreign currency to purchase the desired goods or services. This can be done by traveling to the foreign country and using the foreign currency to pay for the goods or services, or by sending the foreign currency to the foreign country by mail or wire transfer.

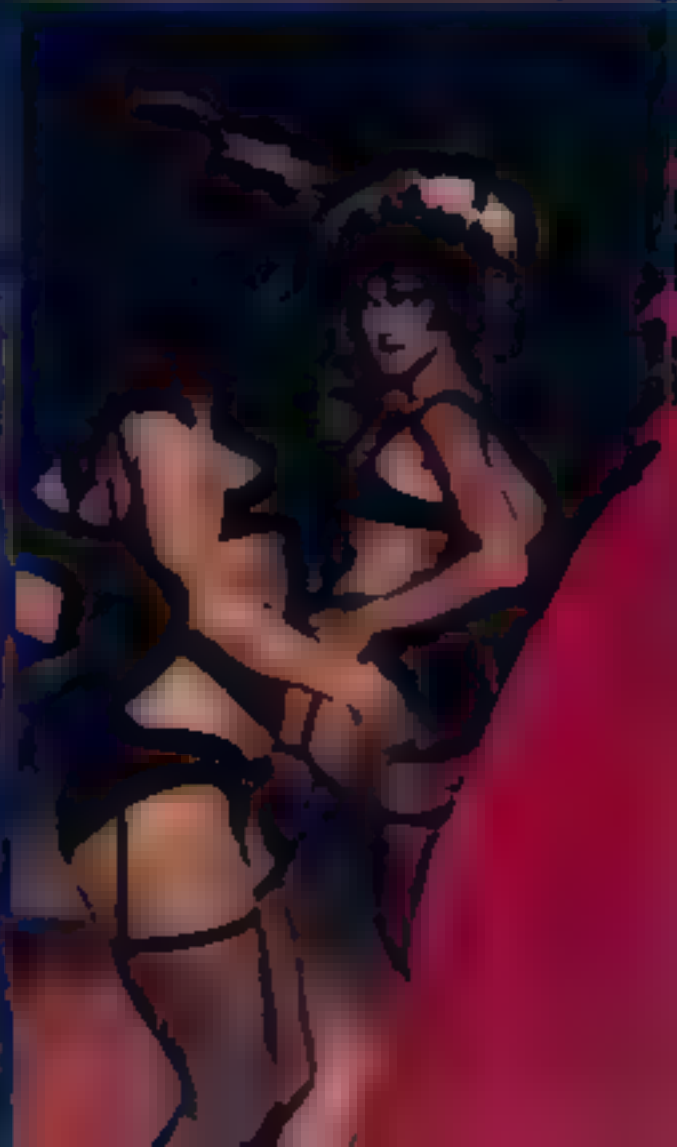
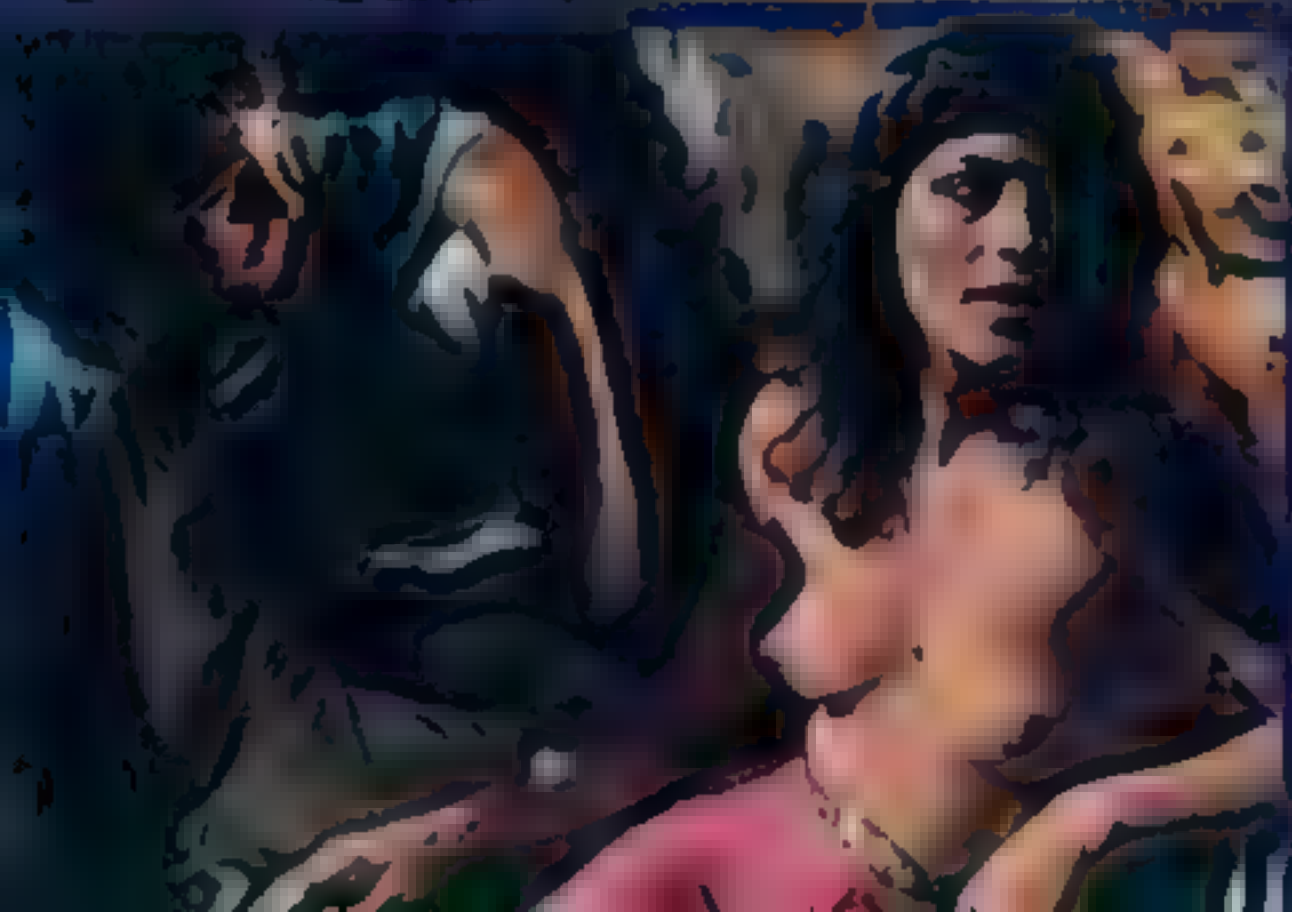
4. The fourth step is to convert the foreign currency back into domestic currency. This is done by selling the foreign currency to a foreign exchange dealer or bank. The dealer or bank will then issue the domestic currency to the customer.

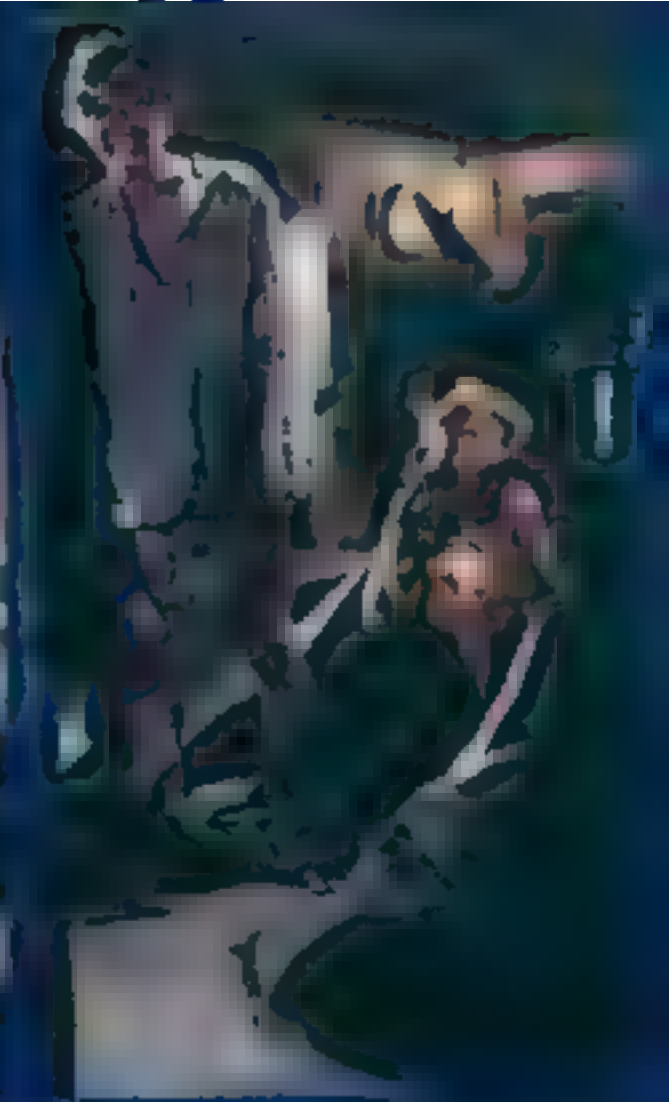
5. The fifth step is to use the domestic currency to purchase the desired goods or services. This can be done by traveling to the domestic country and using the domestic currency to pay for the goods or services, or by sending the domestic currency to the domestic country by mail or wire transfer.



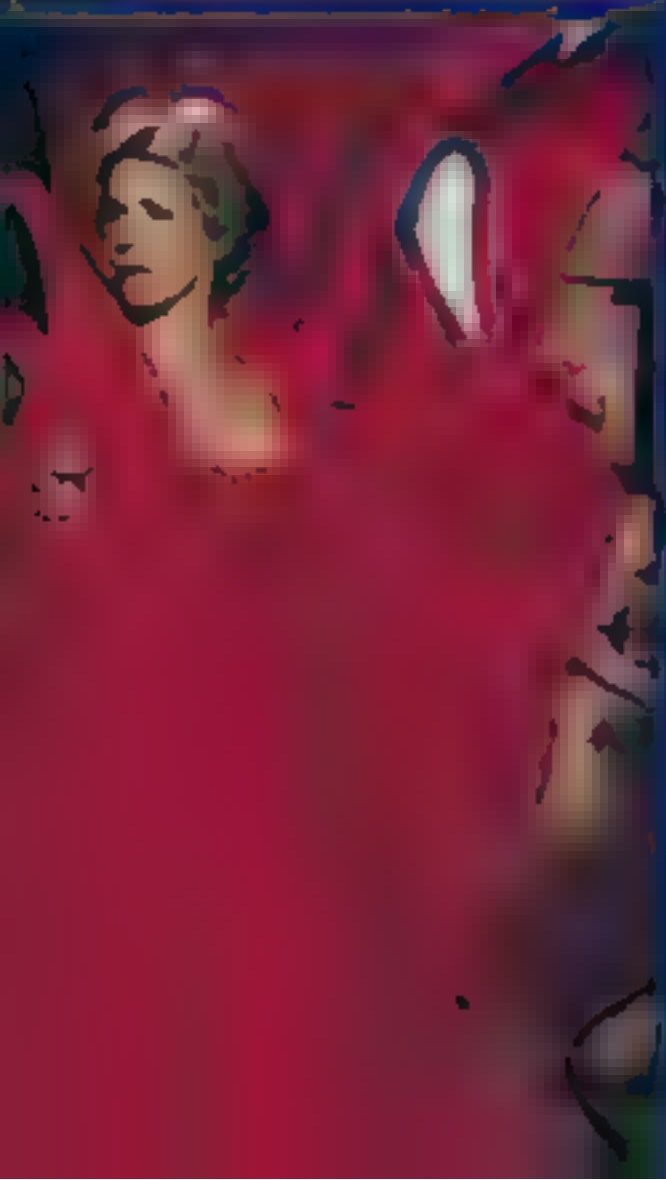


TITZAPOPPINS:





On May 10, 1964, a few days after the first rain, the birds began to sing. Many of the song sparrows sang the same song as the first bird. The first bird was a male. The second bird was a female. The third bird was a male. The fourth bird was a female. The fifth bird was a male. The sixth bird was a female. The seventh bird was a male. The eighth bird was a female. The ninth bird was a male. The tenth bird was a female. The eleventh bird was a male. The twelfth bird was a female. The thirteenth bird was a male. The fourteenth bird was a female. The fifteenth bird was a male. The sixteenth bird was a female. The seventeenth bird was a male. The eighteenth bird was a female. The nineteenth bird was a male. The twentieth bird was a female. The twenty-first bird was a male. The twenty-second bird was a female. The twenty-third bird was a male. The twenty-fourth bird was a female. The twenty-fifth bird was a male. The twenty-sixth bird was a female. The twenty-seventh bird was a male. The twenty-eighth bird was a female. The twenty-ninth bird was a male. The thirtieth bird was a female. The thirty-first bird was a male. The thirty-second bird was a female. The thirty-third bird was a male. The thirty-fourth bird was a female. The thirty-fifth bird was a male. The thirty-sixth bird was a female. The thirty-seventh bird was a male. The thirty-eighth bird was a female. The thirty-ninth bird was a male. The fortieth bird was a female. The forty-first bird was a male. The forty-second bird was a female. The forty-third bird was a male. The forty-fourth bird was a female. The forty-fifth bird was a male. The forty-sixth bird was a female. The forty-seventh bird was a male. The forty-eighth bird was a female. The forty-ninth bird was a male. The fiftieth bird was a female. The fifty-first bird was a male. The fifty-second bird was a female. The fifty-third bird was a male. The fifty-fourth bird was a female. The fifty-fifth bird was a male. The fifty-sixth bird was a female. The fifty-seventh bird was a male. The fifty-eighth bird was a female. The fifty-ninth bird was a male. The sixtieth bird was a female. The sixty-first bird was a male. The sixty-second bird was a female. The sixty-third bird was a male. The sixty-fourth bird was a female. The sixty-fifth bird was a male. The sixty-sixth bird was a female. The sixty-seventh bird was a male. The sixty-eighth bird was a female. The sixty-ninth bird was a male. The seventieth bird was a female. The seventy-first bird was a male. The seventy-second bird was a female. The seventy-third bird was a male. The seventy-fourth bird was a female. The seventy-fifth bird was a male. The seventy-sixth bird was a female. The seventy-seventh bird was a male. The seventy-eighth bird was a female. The seventy-ninth bird was a male. The eightieth bird was a female. The eighty-first bird was a male. The eighty-second bird was a female. The eighty-third bird was a male. The eighty-fourth bird was a female. The eighty-fifth bird was a male. The eighty-sixth bird was a female. The eighty-seventh bird was a male. The eighty-eighth bird was a female. The eighty-ninth bird was a male. The ninetieth bird was a female. The ninety-first bird was a male. The ninety-second bird was a female. The ninety-third bird was a male. The ninety-fourth bird was a female. The ninety-fifth bird was a male. The ninety-sixth bird was a female. The ninety-seventh bird was a male. The ninety-eighth bird was a female. The ninety-ninth bird was a male. The hundredth bird was a female.



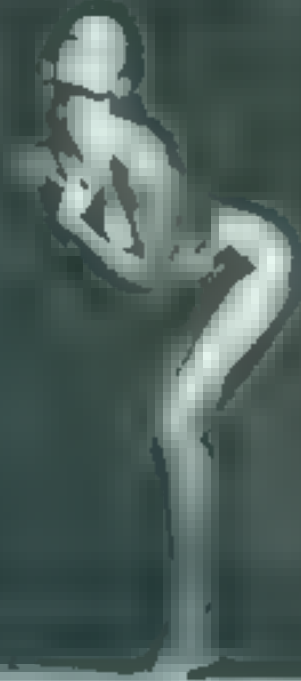
NEW YORK NUDES

All the Nudes Fit to Print

Charles R. Calham is on a roll. In 1972, he released a photo album of the citizens of Dallas, appropriately called Dallas Nude. (No, J.R. and the women didn't make it for the post office yet.) Now, Calham has been photographing the nudes in the Big Apple, as natural. The result is a charming collection of portraits called New York Nude that we hope will replace the telephone book. Calham takes his work—in fact, he is taking his camera on the road. His next work will be Los Angeles Nude. If you want to sponsor, drop him a line at P.O. Box 663, New York, New York 10013. What next? A Dan Marino Nude?



Lyndie Johnson, Miss World, Miss Norway, Miss Olympia Body Beautiful U.S.A.



Sam Brown



Gary and Sherry McJohnson, Twin photographers who artist-direct

Alan Bresler, president, Bresler Enterprises, Inc., 100 West 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10018, president, Simon and Schuster, Inc., 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020



Student of anthropology, Hunter College



Rollerball New York City's fairy godmother



Group that includes the Great Room
Group that includes the Great Room

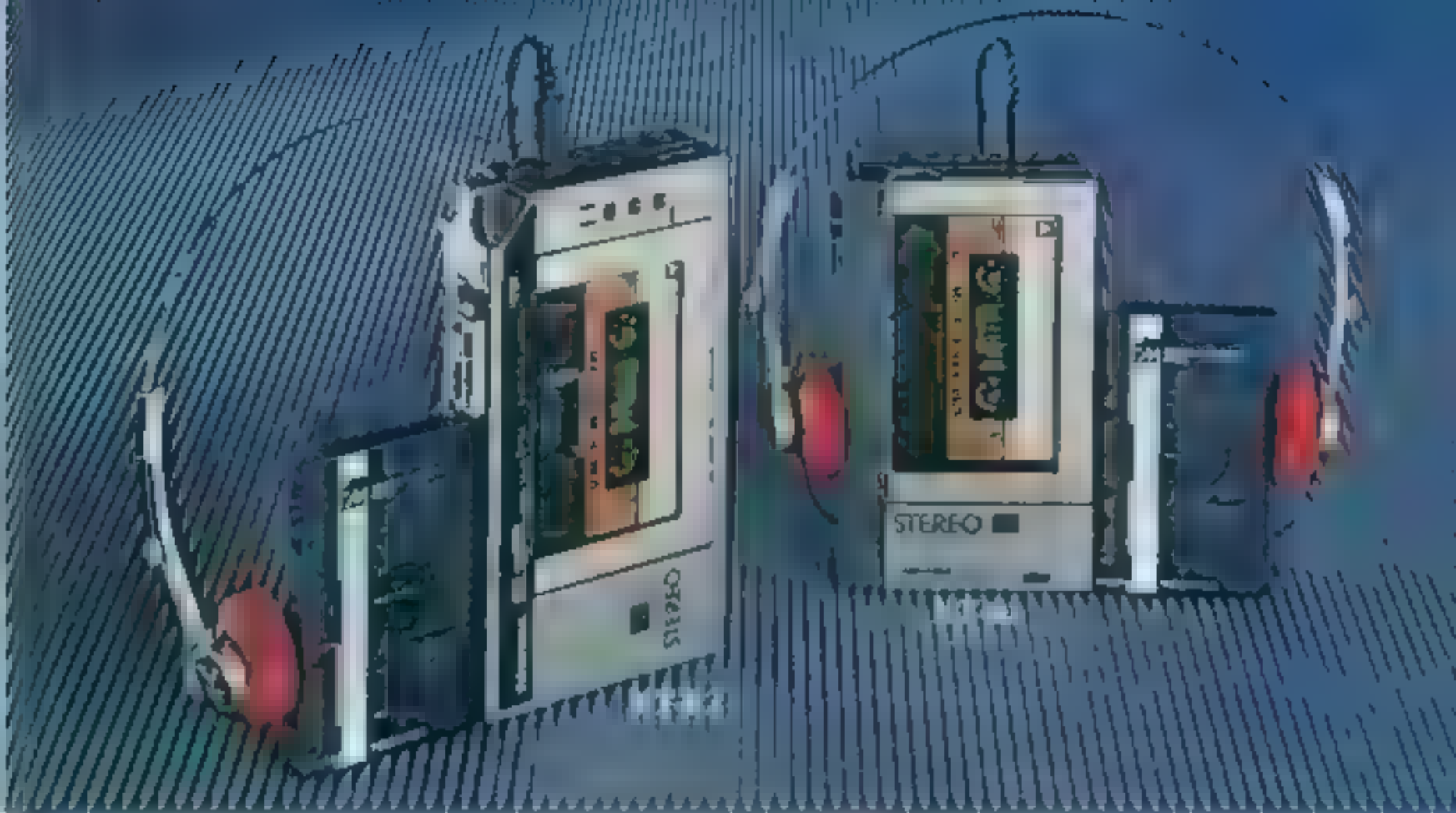


Portrait of a woman



Portrait of a woman and her daughter - One One One





Anyone can make cassette players and recorders that play cassette tapes. Ours also play cassette FM/AM.



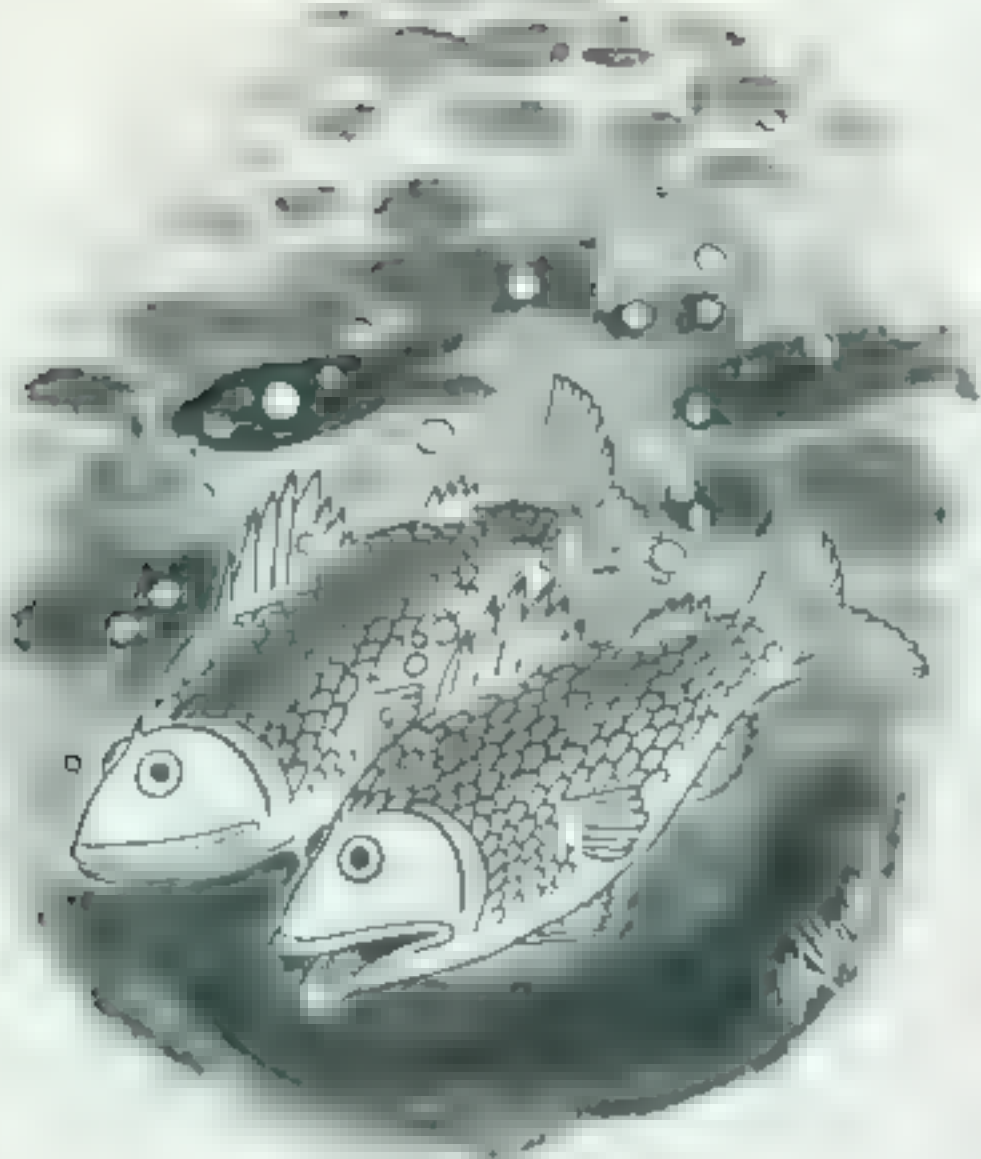
At Toshiba we think
pocket size sets can hardly do
up to the job of a tapes. So
we designed the KS-100
K-200 something new.
Play the Stereo FM/AM
Stereo we've
designed is a stereo. So
you get the best sound to
go with the stereo features.
Pick up a new one
and you'll see that
small size is not a
problem. We've solved it.

We are the only one to
be the KS-100 K-200
We can KS-100
Stereo player
so you can hear the
best sound to go with
the stereo features.
Pick up a new one
and you'll see that
small size is not a
problem. We've solved it.

We can KS-100
Stereo player
so you can hear the
best sound to go with
the stereo features.
Pick up a new one
and you'll see that
small size is not a
problem. We've solved it.

We make
technology fun.

TOSHIBA



It's not easy to see how hard it



C. Barrotti

I am sitting at my
desk talking to a clown
in a clown costume

A BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO ADULT VIDEO CASSETTES

*if you're considering your own home library,
here are the best sellers—and or the best*

Sales of adult cassettes still account for between 30 and 50 percent of the over-all video-cassette market, depending on your source. Listed below in alphabetical order are the 13 all-time top sellers, along with the "label" under which they're distributed. There's really no way to confirm manufacturers' typically inflated figures, but it's a safe bet that *Deep Throat* is the best-selling adult cassette of all. The popularity of these films depends largely on being familiar names to consumers still unfamiliar with the extent of what's available. Some are better than others, but all offer a good historical overview of the best of porn.

Behind the Green Door (Mitchell Bros.)

Debbie Does Dallas (VCN)

Deep Throat (Arrow VCN)

The Devil in Mrs. Jones (Arrow/VCN)

The Ecstasy Girls (Blue Video)

The Erotic Adventures of Candy (Wonderful World of Video)

Fantasy (VCN)

Insatiable (King of Video)

Inside Jennifer Heller (Video-X Pix)

Inside Soka (Video-X Pix)

The Opening of Misty Beethoven (Quality X)

Sex World (Select Essex VCN)

Talk Dirty to Me (Caballero Control Corp.)



The following titles—in no particular order—might be referred to as "transition films": They're prime examples of the new wave in adult

moviemaking. Some are currently available on video cassette; others will soon be released. But all reflect some measure of an emerging social, artistic and erotic consciousness. The plots, acting, production values and sexual information are better than ever before.

Amanda by Night (Love story of a homicide cop and a high-class hooker. Veronica Hart and R. Bolla are the Hepburn and Tracy of adult films.)

The Dancers (Male strippers come to town. Often very funny. Definitely a film for women . . . and men.)

Nightdreams (First avant-garde adult film. Dorothy LeMay gives a great performance. Fellini meets Eraserhead.)

A Girl's Best Friend (High-society jewel thieves pursue their objects of desire. Very good production values.)

Roommates (It's tough being young and female in New York. Solid script and solid performances by Samantha Fox, Kelly Nichols and Veronica Hart.)

Blonde Ambition (Campy cut-up story of two blondes' rise to Broadway fame through a series of carnal coincidences.)

Nothing to Hide (Director Anthony Spinnelli's vision of the rewards of love and marriage, as well as of hot, available sex. Inspired acting, emotionally wrenching.)

Outlaw Ladies (Ladies have fantasies, too—some even get to live them out. Done vignette style. Merle Michaels excels as the adult-genre Judy Holliday.)

—DAVID RENSIN



CHOOSE YOUR ESCAPE ROUTE.

STEREOTAPE ESCAPE

Plan your escape with the StereoTape Escape. It's as simple as popping in a tape and putting on the featherweight

ST-100. It's the only portable stereo with a built-in tape deck. And it's the only one with a built-in speaker. So you can listen to your favorite music anywhere.

STERIORADIO ESCAPE

Get in and out of the traffic jam with the SterioRadio Escape. Its automatic frequency control lets you



has separate left and right channel controls, an extra jack for a friend

WE'LL BE
GOOD FRIENDS
TO YOU

STERIO GREAT ESCAPE

It's entirely up to you when you have the

routes make this one machine you don't let get



GENERAL  ELECTRIC

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT

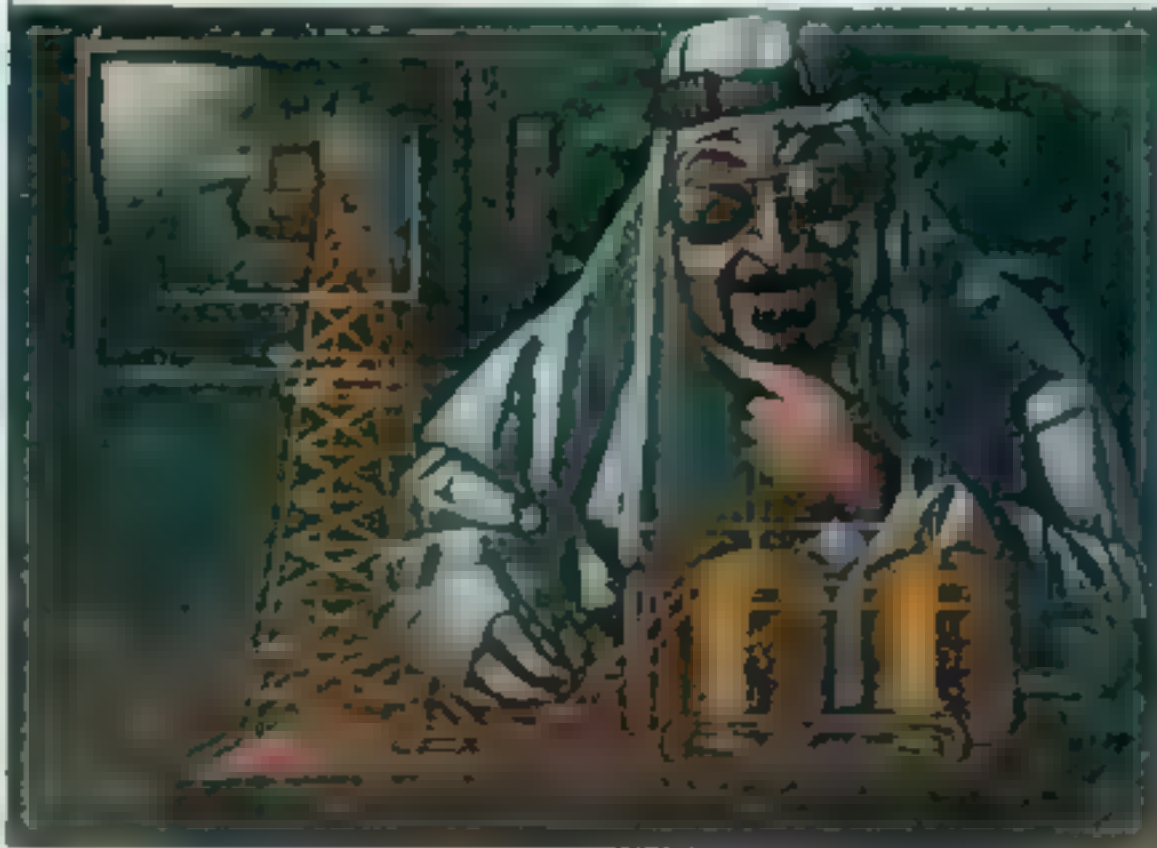
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TOUR OF THE COOKS

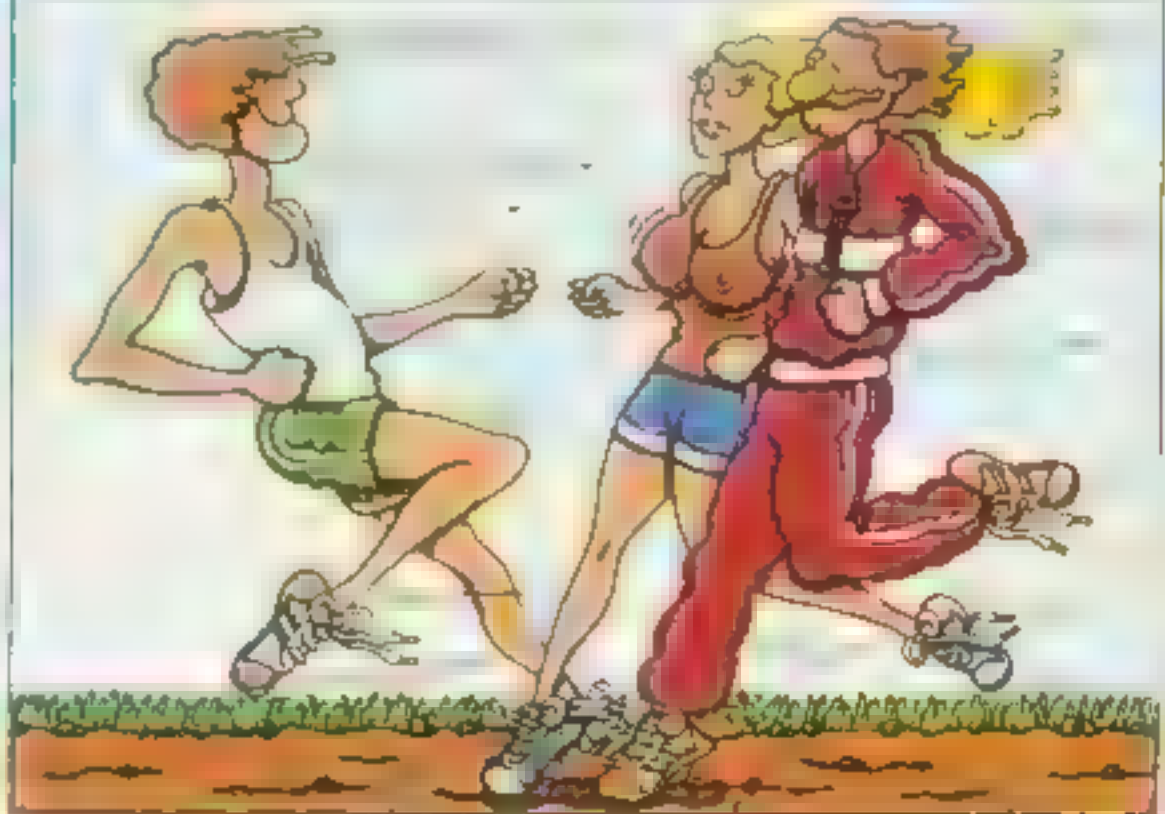
The first of these is the fact that the
 number of people who are employed in
 the service sector has increased
 significantly in recent years.
 This is due to a number of factors,
 including the fact that the service
 sector has become a major part of
 the economy, and the fact that
 the government has been successful
 in reducing the number of people
 who are unemployed.

THE CHIC OF ARABY

Back in the 1970s, it was common for a community to have a "dry" area. We "dried" the area by closing a 21- or 24-hour pool. But as we grew, we had to go back and get a place for us to go. We had a building and a lot of people in it, so we had to go back to the community center. We know that the community center is a place where we can go and get a place to go. We know that the community center is a place where we can go and get a place to go.



BACKWARD, TURN BACKWARD

[illegible]

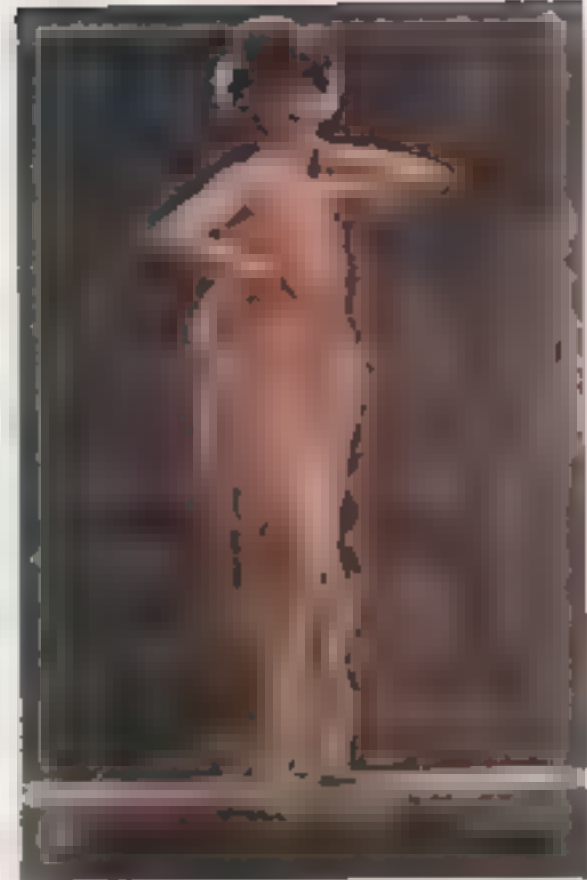


WINNING OF THE WEST

The winning of the West was a process that took place over a long period of time. It was a process of exploration, settlement, and conquest. The West was a land of opportunity, but it was also a land of hardship. The pioneers who went west were seeking a better life, but they often found a life of struggle. The West was a land of freedom, but it was also a land of danger. The pioneers who went west were seeking a better life, but they often found a life of struggle. The West was a land of freedom, but it was also a land of danger.

SEE YOU IN THE PAPERS

A collection of newspaper clippings and articles. The text is mostly illegible due to blurring, but it appears to be a collage of news items from various publications. The clippings are arranged in a vertical column, with some text visible at the top and bottom of the page.



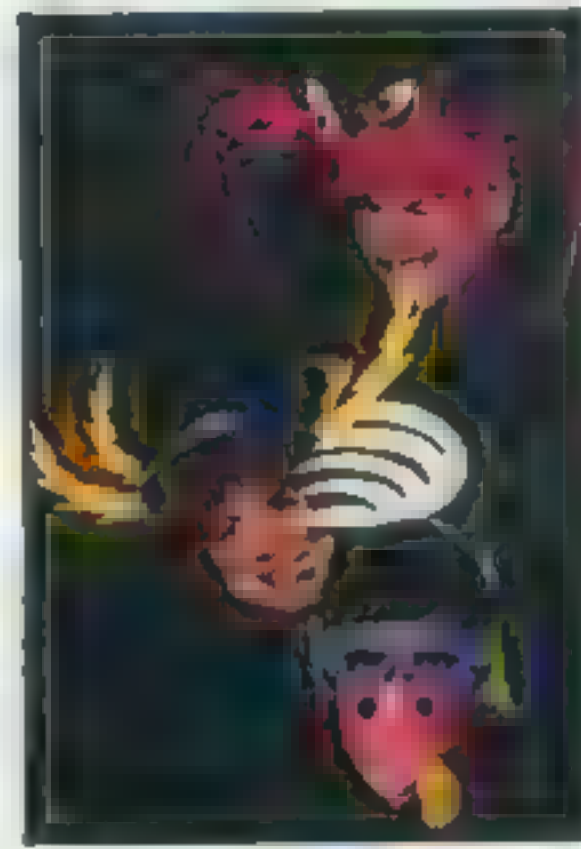
PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE ROUND

A collection of photographs and images. The text is mostly illegible due to blurring, but it appears to be a collage of various photographs. The images are arranged in a vertical column, with some text visible at the top and bottom of the page. The photographs show different scenes and subjects, including what looks like a person in a doorway and other abstract or landscape images.



SPACEACED OUT

A collection of text and images. The text is mostly illegible due to blurring, but it appears to be a collage of various text elements. The text is arranged in a vertical column, with some text visible at the top and bottom of the page. The text includes words like "SPACEACED OUT" and other phrases that are difficult to read due to the blurring.



END
POVERTY
ADOPT THE
POOR

ALL BUTTONED UP

A collection of text and images. The text is mostly illegible due to blurring, but it appears to be a collage of various text elements. The text is arranged in a vertical column, with some text visible at the top and bottom of the page. The text includes words like "ALL BUTTONED UP" and other phrases that are difficult to read due to the blurring.

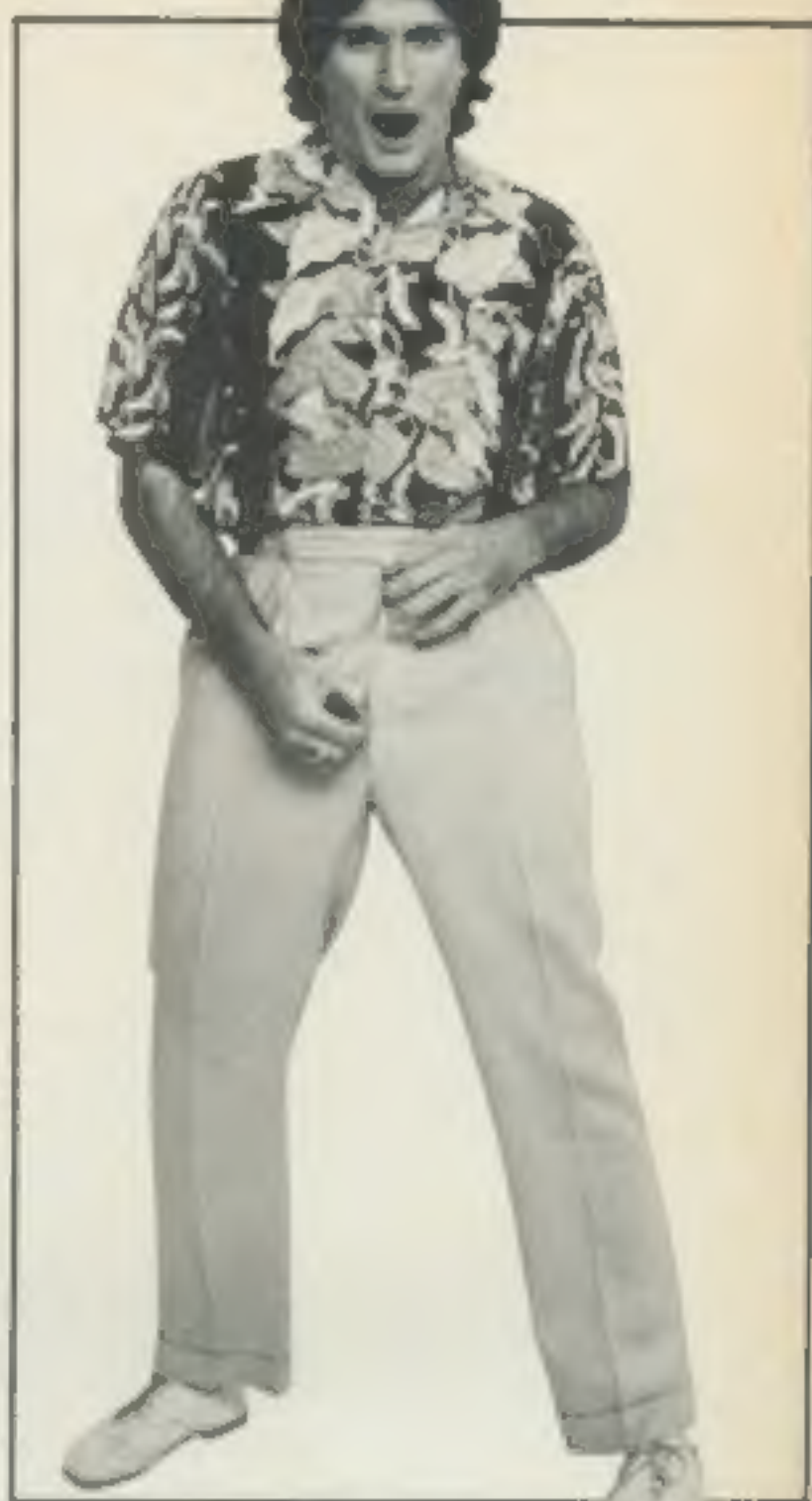


*"Vivian! Are you doing the dishes
in the nude again?"*



For Your Eyes Only

Actress **CAS-SANDRA HARRIS** appears loosely wrapped in the latest James Bond movie. She caught our attention, naturally, and then we watched her get sent to 007 heaven by a couple of bad guys. We decided to bring her back and give her the celebrity breast-of-the-month award. Some things are too good to give up.



Couldn't We Just Shake Hands?

Let's see. He's Mork. He was Puppey. He's going to be Garp (in the movie of *The World According to Garp*). These are not your average roles. But then, **ROBIN WILLIAMS** is not your average fun guy. He lives right on the edge with his comedy. We don't know what laughs he's keeping under his zipper. Anything goes.

Bedtime for Blondie; Debbie Does D.C.

If we wanted to start a trend, we'd use this photo and call it old New Wave. Now that singer **DEBBIE HARRY** wants to make serious rule models—and came up with *Ronnie and Nancy*. Better than *Bonzo*, right?





Daughter of S.O.B.

We must confess. We were so busy laughing our way through Blake Edwards' very funny *S.O.B.* and marveling at Julie Andrews' chest, we forgot to check the credits. JENNIFER BLAKE EDWARDS, daughter of Andrews and writer/director Edwards, was sexy as one of the hitchhikers. We won't be fooled again.

Caution: Man Working

Some people have their best ideas in the bathroom, but it's unusual to keep a typewriter there. We're fans of *The Greatest American Hero*. A show that has Robert Culp and a reluctant superhero, WILLIAM KATT, gets our vote.



Breaking Out

We'd like to introduce you to singer/actress KATHRYN MERRILL. If you don't know her yet, you will. Merrill plays Mimi on top soap *Days of Our Lives* and is scheduled for a nighttime series. She played a nun on *The Young and the Restless* and made a Disney children's album that went platinum. We'd say it's time to kiss Mickey and Donald goodbye.

Wearing Thin

A special *Grapesvine* ode to the art of hopeless self-promotion: Twinkle, twinkle little BRITT! Here's a quarter if you'll quit/Up above the earth so high/Like Edy Williams in the sky/Twinkle, twinkle little Britt! Come see us when you get a hit.



SPECIAL ISSUES \$3 EACH

COMING NEXT:

PLAYBOY'S DOUBLE HOLIDAY PACKAGE

THE GALA CHRISTMAS AND ANNIVERSARY ISSUES

JAMES SALDWIN UTTERS AN ELOQUENT CRY OF GRIEF FOR ALL OUR CHILDREN AFTER A VISIT TO THE HUB OF THE SO-CALLED NEW SOUTH IN "ATLANTA: THE EVIDENCE OF THINGS NOT SEEN"

HENRY FONDA TALKS ABOUT HIS 56 YEARS IN SHOWBIZ, HIS REAL FEELINGS ABOUT **PETER AND JANE**, THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE AND HIS FORTHCOMING AUTOBIOGRAPHY IN A HISTORIC **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEW

JOYCE CAROL OATES TELLS OF A HAUNTING YOUNG GIRL WHO LEAVES HER MARK ON NEW YORK'S AVANT-GARDE IN "THE SUNKEN WOMAN"

JIM HARWOOD NOTES THAT IN 1979, **PLAYBOY** BROUGHT YOU YOUR FIRST LOOK AT **BO DEREK**. WE HAVE A FEW SURPRISES (AND SOME FAMILIAR BODIES) FOR YOU THIS YEAR, TOO, IN "SEX STARS OF 1981"

THOMAS "HOLLYWOOD" HENDERSON REVEALS (WITH HELP FROM **WALTER LOWE, JR.**) HOW HE DEALS WITH WOMEN (ON MULTIPLES, AT TIMES), HOW HE BECAME A FOOTBALL STAR AND ALMOST BLEW HIS CAREER UP HIS NOSE IN HIS RIVETING "CONFESSIONS OF A COCAINE COWBOY"

JULES FEIFFER SKEWERS THE **REAGAN** PHILOSOPHY IN A SATIRICAL COMMENTARY, "ONE-LINERS: THIS IS YOUR PRESIDENT SPEAKING"

PHILIP CAPUTO, THE AUTHOR OF *A RUMOR OF WAR*, OBSERVES THAT **JOHNNY** DIDN'T COME MARCHING HOME FROM VIETNAM, HE CREPT BACK. YOU'LL WANT TO READ "THE UNRETURNING ARMY"

ANSON MOUNT IS BACK ON A FAVORITE COURT—AND HE DOESN'T MISS A SHOT IN "PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW"

NEW EASY-LISTENING SINGING GROUP **THE PLAYMATES** STAR IN THEIR OWN BABY-ON-THE-EYES PICTORIAL

GEOFFREY NORMAN WRITES ABOUT THAT MOST MISUNDERSTOOD OF RELATIONSHIPS, THAT BETWEEN MALE FRIENDS, IN "BUDDIES"

RICHARD PHALON DISSECTS THE MOVES BEHIND THE SNATCH OF A MEDICAL FIRM IN "ANATOMY OF A CORPORATE TAKE-OVER"

JOHN UPDIKE EXAMINES THE INNER FEELINGS OF A WOMAN ABOUT HER DYING FATHER AND HER ESTRANGED HUSBAND IN "KILLING"

STEPHEN BIRNBAUM, **PLAYBOY**'S TRAVEL EDITOR, TELLS YOU WHERE TO STAY IN ACCOMMODATIONS THAT WOULD MAKE **LORENZO DE' MEDICI** JEALOUS. IT'S ALL THERE IF YOU KNOW HOW TO "LIVE LIKE A KING"

WHAT'S **JOHN DEREK** GOT THAT WE HAVEN'T GOT? LET'S SEE, THERE'S **URSULA**, **LINDA**, **BO** . . . THEY'RE ALL IN ONE PLACE WHEN WE TAKE A ~~LOOK AT JOHN'S SEXY PICTORIAL~~

BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN SPINS A YARN ABOUT A VERY HAPPY MAN WHO IS SOMEHOW COMPELLED TO FOUL UP HIS LIFE IN "THE ADVENTURER"

STEPHEN KING ABANDONS HORROR FOR A MOMENT TO EXAMINE A NEW MENACE: "NOW RADIO IS RUINING ROCK 'N' ROLL"

JO DURDEN-SMITH AND **DIANE DE SIMONE** LAUNCH A MILESTONE SERIES ON WHAT MAKES MAN MAN, WOMAN WOMAN AND PAIRING COMPLEX, WITH A **PLAYBOY** QUESTIONNAIRE FOR READER PARTICIPATION

PLUS: VISITS WITH ECONOMIST **JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH** AND THE NOTORIOUS DEFENSIVE END FOR THE OAKLAND RAIDERS, **JOHN MATUSZAK**; "PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS" AND "THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS," BY **TOM KOCH**; **LITTLE ANNIE FANNY** UNDERGOES SENSORY DEPRIVATION, TIPS ON HOW TO BE A GUEST AT YOUR OWN POSH PARTY, BY **EMANUEL GREENBERG**; **PLAYBOY**'S PICKS OF THE CAR MARKET FOR 1982; A NUDE BY **NORMAN ROCKWELL**; "MR. BILL'S CHRISTMAS"; "PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW"; "THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA"; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

BOTH ISSUES WILL BE COLLECTOR'S ITEMS YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS